WALKER'S

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge.

FOR JANUARY, 1805.

AGAIN we have the pleaſing Taſk of repeating our Sincere and Heartfelt Acknowledgments, for the Patronage received from a Liberal and Diſcerning Public.

In our Exertions to detail the Events of the Year with Candor, and to furniſh a Miſcellany of uſeful and Entertaining Articles, we truſt that our Readers will perceive no diminution of our Zeal and Care; and while we mention with Gratitude, the Support and Aſſiſtance of many valuable Correſpondents, we are hopeful that the ſame Zeal, and the ſame Exertions, will continue the Popularity which the Hibernian Magazine has enjoyed for nearly half a Century;—a Reference to the uniform tenor of our preceding Volumes, we conſider on the preſent Occaſion, a better pledge for future Conduct, than the moſt pompous Expreſſions.

Annexed is an elegant Portrait of the celebrated MRS. JORDAN. In a future Number will be given a correct Biographic Sketch of this inimitable comic Actreſs.

Biographical Sketch of William Henry Weſt Betty, more known by the name of the Young Roſcius. With his Portrait, a ſtriking Likeneſs.

Quando ullum inveniemus parem.
HORACE.

——Can ſuch things be
And overcome us like a ſummer's cloud,
Without our ſpecial wonder?
SHAKSPEARE.

THE juvenile hero of this memoir puts us ſtrongly in mind of James the ſon of the lord advocate Crichton, who for his extraordinary and precocious talents was denominated 'the admirable Crichton.'

No one that we can recollect, ſince the period as far back as the ſixteenth century, has excited ſo much curioſity and admiration at ſo early an age. The accounts publiſhed in the newſpapers of the abilities of this youth, like thoſe ſtill related of the endowments and attainments of the young Scotchman, were ſo wonderful, that they

they ſeemed ſcarcely credible. The hearing a child of ten or twelve years old recite numerous paſſages in a play, or ode after ode from Horace, with claſſical preciſion, has been thought ſufficiently marvellous; but the ſame infant repeating by heart a whole book of Ovid, would not ſtrike us with an aſtoniſhment equal to that which we feel in ſeeing this boy not only deliver with accuracy ſo many and various parts of our dramatic authors, but alſo feel the ſentiments he utters: for that he is ſenſible to the full power of them we may ſafely affirm, or he could not ſo forcibly inſpire into his audience the ſame emotions.

'Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt primum ipſi tibi,'

was never more beautifully illuſtrated than in this inſtance. But, no doubt, our readers will be eager to know who this prodigy is, and whence he ſprang, before they are made acquainted with the bounteous gifts kind Nature has laviſhed upon him.

William Henry Weſt Betty, the only ſon of William Henry Betty (under whoſe paternal protection he now is), was born in the neighbourhood of Shrewſbury, the 13th of September, 1791. As the exact age of maſter Betty is a circumſtance which muſt add greatly to the intereſt the public takes in his behalf, it has been thought proper to conſult and quote the regiſter in the pariſh book of St. Chad, in Shrewſbury, which confirms the above account. Mr. Betty's father, that is, the grandfather of our young hero, was a phyſician of ſome eminence at Liſburn, in the north of Ireland, not many miles from Belfaſt. On the death of dr. Betty, mr. Betty became poſſeſſed of a comfortable independence.

Mr. Betty, at the time of the birth of his ſon, lived within a ſmall diſtance of Shrewſbury, [Hopton Wafers,] from whence he removed, a few years after, to the neighbourhood of his native place, in the north of Ireland. He occupied a farm, and alſo carried on ſome buſineſs relating to the linen manufactory, near Ballynahinch, in the county of Down. He remained in this ſituation, till the riſing celebrity of his ſon rendered it neceſſary for him to give up his employment, in order to attend the young gentleman in his theatrical excurſions.

The mother of the young Roſcius was miſs Mary Stanton, whoſe father was a reſpectable gentleman in the county of Worceſter. It has been frequently ſaid, that miſs Stanton had been formerly either a performer on a public ſtage, or in the frequent habit of acting in private theatres; neither of which reports have the ſmalleſt foundation in truth. The name of Stanton happens to belong to ſeveral families of the theatrical profeſſion, in various parts of the kingdom, and this circumſtance, from the mere identity of the names, may have led to a ſuppoſition that the family of mr. Betty was included in the number. Both theſe accounts are alike erroneous: ſhe had a good education beſtowed on her, and diſtinguiſhed herſelf for her accompliſhments; ſhe had, moreover, a reſpectable fortune, a part of which we believe, is entailed on this young gentleman. It muſt be allowed, that this lady and her ſiſters often fought occaſion, and took delight, to repeat now and then a few judiciouſly ſelected paſſages from ſome of our firſt dramatic writers. It is not poſſible to ſay how far the child, in his earlieſt days, might imbibe with a mother's affection a mother's partialities. In tracing the ſource of this early acquirement, it is proper to obſerve, that mr. Betty, the father, was not leſs partial to the drama than the mother, and that he very frequently had profeſſional men of eminence at his table, where of courſe the converſation muſt often run into the buſineſs of the ſtage. An early acquired habit, and a natural propenſity, have nearly the ſame appearances, and ſometimes the ſame effect. To the tenderer parent, however, muſt be aſcribed the merit of perfectioning the young pupil in his pronunciation and graceful delivery: and though ſhe often fixed upon paſſages from the beſt dramatic writers

for his exercise in this way, it is positively affirmed by her friends, that it was without any view to her son's adopting the profession in which he now shines so pre-eminently: it is even supposed, that, at the period we are speaking of, any proposal of the kind would have been received with disgust.

The profession of the stage in this country is held in higher repute than in any other; and though some unworthy members of it have lowered it in the eyes of many, yet a Garrick, a Kull, a Smith, a Lewis, a Kemble, a Farren, a Pope, a Siddons, with a long list from the dramatis personæ, as amiable in private life as enviable in public, must always contribute to lessen the repugnance a parent is disposed to feel at a child's expressing a penchant for the theatre.

While some represent the extraordinary proficiency of our young gentleman in this art to parental enthusiasm and parental discipline, others ascribe it to the mere force of genius. Genius itself is perhaps nothing else than strong natural parts directed to one particular object; and it is not attempted to be denied, that when master Betty's friends discovered in him a strong prepossession for the stage, they did all they could to insure his success in it.

Mr. Betty and his son were in Belfast in the summer of 1802, when the play of Pizarro was got up with much studied preparation; mrs. Siddons was to perform Elvira. Our young Roscius was carried to this play, the first he had ever seen performed, and from that moment his future destiny was fixed. Mrs. Siddons's acting made an indelible impression on his mind; and perhaps it is not one of the least fortunate circumstances in his life, that the model he so earnestly looked at was an excellent one. On his way to Ballynahinch, his conversation with his father discovered what an uncontrollable sway his passion for the histrionic art had over him; so that at length both his parents finding all opposition to his wishes of no avail, they seriously bethought themselves of indulging him to their mutual satisfaction. Mr. Betty now determined to return to Belfast, with a view of consulting mr. Atkins,* the manager of that town, as to the youth's qualifications. Master Betty recited a few passages from the part of Elvira, which very much struck that gentleman by the vigorous though untutored manner of his delivery. Nevertheless, as he had a great opinion of the judgment of mr Hough, his prompter, he consulted him before he would give a decided opinion of the probability of the ultimate success of the young candidate. This latter gentleman instantly discerned something above the common rate of promise in the aspiring youth, and advised his immediately studying the part of Rolla, as a much fitter character than that of Elvira. The young gentleman is said to have discovered the value and solidity of the advice mr. H. gave him in this and other respects, and in the rapture of his heart to have exclaimed to that gentleman, 'You are my guardian angel.' Mr. Hough was a little while after invited to spend a short time with mr. Betty and his family at Ballynahinch, where he found his young pupil studying the part of Osman in the tragedy of Zara, as well as that of Rolla in Pizarro. Mr. Hough was now more than ever interested in the progress of master B. for he found him at once docile in manner, and retentive in memory. He was convinced that his feelings were capable of receiving the impression of every passion, and his language susceptible of duly expressing as much. By the reports of mr. Hough to mr. Atkins, who was solicitous to bring forward some extraordinary novelty on account of the extreme depression of the times; † it was re-

NOTE.

* *It is but fair to assert, that this gentleman has ever been found ready to patronise real merit, and many of the now principal performers acknowledge with candor the unwearied attention bestowed by mr. Atkins on their juvenile efforts.*

† *The much lamented insurrection in Dublin, which caused the death of lord Kilwarden, had recently taken place, and had spread a great alarm over all parts of the country.*

solved,

ſolved, in the month of Auguſt, 1803, that the young elève ſhould make his debût in the Belfaſt theatre, in the tragedy of Zara: the plays bills announced the part of Oſman 'to be undertaken by a young gentleman only eleven years of age.' The ſingularity of this advertiſement drew a great crowd to the houſe; but ſo ſtrikingly correct and judicious was this his firſt night's public performance, that the audience were aſtoniſhed and pleaſed beyond all expreſſion. So unembarraſſed, and ſo free from miſtake, did he go through his part, that the regular company of actors were confounded, and in ſome degree abaſhed, to ſee the tumultuous applauſes with which the houſe rung, occaſioned wholly by a greenhorn of the ſock. While ſome made the feats of this ſtripling the ſubject of their whole converſation, others, who had ſeen him, believed the accounts to be all exaggeration, till they had it in their power to aſcertain the truth of what had been ſaid; when they in their turn experienced the ſame incredulity in others. After conſidering, however, that ſo many able judges of the ſcenic art were witneſſes of the uncommon powers of this child, it naturally excites our wonder that his fame was ſo long travelling up to London. It may be aſked, whether the envious breath of two or three *grown-up* performers could have repelled the ſound of this young actor's trumpet. Maſter Betty had ſtudied the part of young Norval in the tragedy of Douglaſs; and in this character was he announced the ſecond night, it being conſidered ſuch a one as would afford a fair teſt of his powers, and yet in ſome degree congenial to his age and figure: his performance of it inſpired the whole town of Belfaſt with one ſentiment concerning him. To pourtray the chaſtened ſpirit and modeſt valour of Douglas with the ſame perfection as the jealouſy, rage, and deſpair of Oſman, evinced ſuch a variety of excellence, as put the ſeal at once to his high pretenſions. He engaged to perform four nights only; a different character each time. His next night was Rolla, and his laſt Romeo. We cannot here, notwithſtanding this juſt appreciation of extraordinary talents, omit inſerting the *original* critique on the young prodigy, as tranſmitted to us for the purpoſe.

BELFAST, Sept. 6, 1803. A WONDERFUL THEATRICAL PHENOMENON! About a fortnight ago, the advertiſements announced to the public the performance of Aaron Hill's *Zara*, the part of Oſman, to be undertaken by a young gentleman *only eleven years old*. Curioſity, brought together a very genteel audience. The young ſultan ſoon made his entre with all the parade of oriental pomp. The attendants diſmiſſed, the dialogue commenced. Like an electrical ſhock, every countenance changed, and the moſt ſerious and ſilent attention viſibly appeared.

His reaſoning with Nereſtan, why he ſhould not deliver up Luſignan, was bold and manly, while his pity for the unhappy monarch was expreſſed in a manner truly pathetic. From this the tranſition to the firm and reſolute (ſpeaking of Zara) was incomparable. His receiving and reading the letter was very natural, and ſhewed the prince. The ironical manner of his upbraiding Zara, afterwards, while a multiplicity of paſſions ſeemed ſtruggling in his boſom, would have done honour to the firſt tragedian on the ſtage. In a word, the whole was far ſuperior to any thing that could poſſibly be conceived, and the frequent interruptions given to the performance, by loud and reiterated burſts of applauſe, teſtified how agreeably the audience had been diſappointed. He was announced to perſonate the character of Young Norval, on the enſuing evening. This was received with the loudeſt acclamations.

The noiſe he had made through the town, brought together another brilliant aſſemblage, but with different ſentiments than on the former night:—then we went prepoſſeſſed againſt a repreſentation that appeared to us in a light highly ridiculous—now, to behold an effort of *the moſt aſtoniſhing natural genius the world*

world ever produced. To uſe the author's own words, he was

——— 'Mild with the mild,
'But with the froward he was fierce as fire.'

His manner of informing Lord Randolph, who and what he was, was indeed beautiful; and when the chief replied

——— 'Was ever tale
'With ſuch a gallant modeſty rehearſed?'

the whole audience approved, like a ſudden clap of thunder. The ſcene where his mother diſcovered herſelf to him was ſo truly affecting that there was ſcarce a dry eye in the theatre: his breaks were bold and natural, and received that warm applauſe they ſo well deſerved. The ſcene with Glenalvon was indeed a maſter-piece. The gentleman who performed this character appeared to be the beſt tragedian of the company, but the 'young and blooming Norval ſoon made him ſhrink'—not 'beneath his ſword,' but beneath his *grace, action,* and *forcible manner of delivery.* His ſpeaking theſe lines—

——'I'll tell thee—what thou art—
'I know thee well'—

was far beyond any thing ever heard.

His third appearance was in the Peruvian hero, *Rolla!* We have had ſeveral who were accounted capital performers in this character, but the beſt judges here allow this *young Roſcius* to ſtand foremoſt on the liſt. The hero's famous ſpeech to animate the ſoldiers to repel their invaders, was delivered with grace and energy, and at the ſame time with the niceſt diſcrimination. His ſcenes with Alonzo, Elvira, and Pizarro, were more natural, and by far better acted, than by any other Rolla I ever ſaw. The manner of his taking the child was much admired. Perhaps his ſtrength would not permit him to take it in the unnatural manner all the other Rollas do. I ſay unnatural,—for can any perſon ſuppoſe that the amiable and humane Rolla, who loves Alonzo and Cora with ſuch affection, and ſo dotes on their child, that he condeſcends to proſtrate himſelf to Pizarro for its preſervation—I ſay, is it reaſonable to ſuppoſe that this great hero ſhould rudely ſeize the beloved infant by one arm, and run the riſk of diſlocation, by ſwinging it over his head, as Tallyho the huntſman would a dead fox after a hard chace—and 'all for what?'—to ſhew his own figure to advantage! Abominable.

His fourth, and I am ſorry to add laſt appearance, was in *Romeo.* Here he was both the lover and the hero! In the garden ſcene he was modeſt and highly intereſting. Juliet might indeed call him the *Taffel-Gentle*; but I am ſorry to ſay moſt of our *great Romeos,* as they are vulgarly ſtyled, are ſo totally ignorant of that beautiful metaphor, that they reſemble more the *blood-ſtained vulture.* The ſcene with Tibalt was ſpirited and manly, but that with the friar was expreſſive of great judgment. All through the laſt act we never ſaw grief, rage, and deſpair more happily blended.

When Garrick and Barry were contemporaries in this character, the critics of thoſe days, while they admired the beauties of both, agreed in opinion that, in the garden and laſt ſcenes, the one was as much too tame as the other too boiſterous:—our young hero evinced great judgment, by avoiding both.

Report ſays this young gentleman is a native of Shropſhire, but has been in this country a few years, and, what is very extraordinary, he is ſaid to have never ſeen but one play in his life, before he trod the boards himſelf.

His form is majeſtic, his action graceful, his countenance beautiful and impreſſive, and his voice muſical and manly. In ſhort, were this rich and invaluable flower but taken from its preſent *barren,* and carefully tranſplanted into the *genial* ſoil of London, there to be tenderly nurtured, it would become the delight and admiration of the world, and Britannia might then *juſtly* boaſt her own Rocius!

CRITO.

In

In the mean time, mr. Jones, the manager of the Dublin theatre, had heard of this dramatic prodigy; and, ſoon after his laſt performance at Belfaſt, offered him an engagement on very advantageous terms. After ſome negociation, the particulars of an agreement were ſettled, by which he was to play nine nights at the theatre royal Crow ſtreet. As the young gentleman's talents and importance were now become manifeſt, mr. Betty very prudently reſolved to contribute every means in his power to bring forward and mature ſo rare a genius. With this view he ſolicited mr. Hough to attend his ſon in his excurſion to Dublin, as well as in all his future engagements; both for the purpoſe of continuing his inſtructions, and for taking the ſuperintendance of his theatrical intereſts and conduct. Mr. Hough, having conceived a ſtrong attachment to the boy, as well as a ſanguine hope of his future eminence, accepted the propoſal, and immediately reſigned his ſituation in the Belfaſt theatre.

The voice of fame had anticipated the arrival of young Roſcius in Dublin; but as he was now to appear before an audience of a higher claſs than in a provincial theatre, he conſidered that he had the moſt difficult part of the ordeal to go through. Dublin, being the ſeat of a univerſity and of learning, abounds with young men of education and talents, and among theſe it was feared he would find more diſcerning and perhaps leſs indulgent critics.

He made his firſt appearance at Dublin the 28th of November, 1803, in the part of Young Norval. The advertiſement and bills announced him as 'the young gentleman who had acquired the appellation of the INFANT ROSCIUS, being only twelve years old.' Perſons of the firſt rank attended the houſe; and ſuch was the approbation expreſſed at his performance, that he played the ſame part the ſecond night. The third night he performed Frederick in 'Lover's' Vows,' when the aſtoniſhment and pleaſure of the audience were more univerſally expreſſed than at any one character he had before appeared in. He alſo performed Hamlet, Oſmyn and Romeo. After he had fulfilled his engagement with mr. Jones, that gentleman was deſirous of engaging him for a term of years at a handſome and increaſing ſalary; but mr. Betty thought proper to decline the offer, and ſubſequent events have proved that he was wiſe, or at leaſt fortunate, in ſo doing.

It may appear extraordinary, but it is no leſs true, that while this meritorious but unaſſuming young actor was enchanting the people of Dublin by his inimitable performances ſeveral critics took pains to damp the ardour of the theatric aſpirant by the ſeverity of their ſatires; one particularly, in Hudibraſtic verſe, after the manner of Anthony Paſquin's Theſpiad, was remarked as being the moſt keen. Some of the animadverſions fell on the manager for lowering the dignity of the ſtage, by giving the principal characters of the drama to a child. The parents of the youth are alſo cenſured as mercenary and obtruſive, by ſo premature an exhibition of their ſon. Now, tho' the ſhafts of the critics are gone by without executing their intended miſchief, we think it not altogether unentertaining to our readers, nor irrelative to our memoir, to ſhew how pointed one of them was. It appeared under the head of 'Familiar Epiſtles to Frederick J—s, Eſq. on the preſent ſtate of the Iriſh Stage,' and contained the following lines:

'Huſh! 'tis attention all around,
Fixed is each eye, and ſtill'd each ſound,
Silence on every lip is preſs'd,
And pleaſure throbs in every breaſt.
What is to come? will Barry riſe,
Or Garrick glad our wond'ring eyes?
What miracle is to be wrought
Beyond the common ſcope of thought?

'The

'The cry is now, they come, they come,'
And lo! Glenalvon, and——Tom Thumb*.
Now clapping hands, and loud huzzas,
Thunder the rapture of applauſe;
The very walls are rock'd, and why?
The hero's only *four* feet high!
The noiſe redoubles—we are told
The hero's only twelve years old!
But oh! what language could we find,
The raptures of the critic mind,
To tell, could we our Douglas † call
But *two years* old, and *two feet* tall!!!
No wonder Randolph ſhould be jealous,
He's ſuch a charming little fellow's.
See how he ſteps in ſtately pride,
At leaſt ſix inches every ſtride.
See how he ſwells with lordly rage,
Altho' no higher than a page.—

N O T E S.

* '*A child of the name of Betty, a native of Belfaſt, has been very lately added to the force of the company:* '*Mercy on us, a bearne; a very pretty bearne' indeed—but ſo young, as even in the part of Douglas to throw an appearance of ridicule and fantocinity over the whole performance. This folly of exhibiting children is not quite modern.* 'There is,' *ſays Roſincrantz to Hamlet,* 'an aiery of young children, little eyaſes, *that cry out on the top of the queſtion, and are moſt tyrannically* clapped *for it—theſe now are the firſt faſhion*;' *but, I believe, it never was, before this year, the faſhion to introduce* one *infant to play the firſt characters among men and women——oh! 'tis a dainty device to attract an audience: Daly's pony-races were not much worſe.*

† '*Douglas. Though I only take notice of this part, it is meet to ſet it down, that the infant played Romeo to mrs. Kni---ton's Juliet, and that they looked like an overgrown girl and her doll. I ſhould not be much amazed to ſee him advertiſed for Henry the Eighth, or Sir John Falſtaff. He has alſo played Prince Arthur: this was, as it ſhould be,* mirabile dictu! *Since the firſt part of this note was written, this ill-fated baby has been exhibited in* Hamlet!!! *Abſurdity, cruelty, and contempt, could have deviſed nothing more inſulting to good ſenſe, humanity, and the public.*'

In vain two barons*, ſtood and gaunt,
The little Grildrig ſtrive to daunt;
O'er both he triumphs, and, alack!
Slays one—Oh giant-killing Jack!!!
And is this, then, the wondrous bait
For loud applauſe, and houſes great,
The Roſcius † this, whoſe radiance bright
Should dim the ineffectual light
Of all the glow-worms of the ſtage,
Of every ſize, and every age?
An infant ‡ taken from his ſchool,
A pitying public to befool;
A baby victim, to atone
For all the faults of folks full grown:
As for the people's ſins of old,
They ſlew the firſtling of the fold,
And thought the *Gods* could never damn
Thoſe who ſhould ſacrifice a lamb.
'Poor child! thy age and infant fears,
Thy § talent far beyond thy years;

N O T E S.

* *The victory of Beatty over Hargrave,* (Infelix ſiner atque impar congreſſus Achilli) *was like the battle in Mother Gooſe's Tales, in which fairies never fail to overcome giants: but the wonder is not greater than that one individual ſhould ſubdue the good ſenſe of a whole city into a thraldom.*'

† '*Roſcius. This was the* modeſt *title under which the* '*little* eyaſe' *was announced* 'ad captandum vulgus,' *and it did its office with a vengeance. I heard ſome of my brethren of the pit diſcourſing* '*who this Roſcius could be:*' *one learned gentleman aſſerted, that it was one Garrick's chriſtian name; but the general opinion ſeemed to be, that he was a French actor, who had been guilliotined in the days of the revolution. Thoſe critics I obſerved to be particularly loud and* judicious *in their applauſes, as might be ſuppoſed.*'

‡ '*Children have ever been an engine of pity and pardon;*

——— *Speak thou* boy
Perhaps thy childiſhneſs *will move them more*
Than our reaſon———'

but in this inſtance the very production of the interceſſion is an aggravation.'

§ '*La quale (diſpoſitione) accompagnata*

Thy ſimple tones, untun'd by art,
Would melt to praiſe the critic heart,
Were praiſe not ruin;—if you now
To plain advice refuſe to bow,
And rather lay thy boyiſh claim
To guſts of praiſe, than laſting fame;
For ſome few months we'll call you clever,
And then, poor child,—'farewell for ever.'
But to thy ſtudies hence again—
Turn the page, and guide the pen;
Leave to the fribble * and the fool
To ſcorn the ſeas'ning of the ſchool.
In hiſtory's magic-glaſs deſcry
How ſages live, and heroes die.
From lively Greece †, and ſober Rome,
Import their manners and coſtume‡,
Weigh all thy parts with learned care,

N O T E S.

nata del' ajuto ordinario delle forze umane, puo un giorno, rendere quel giovine *de ſommo talento.* Vit. de Siſto. v.

'*I do not deny the* boy's *abilities, but I proteſt againſt turning the ſtage into a nurſery; and I lament that a promiſing child ſhould be deprived* 'del' ajuto ordinario,' *which might make him an uſeful man, to be converted into a ſource of theatrical revenue, and public ridicule. 'Young men,' ſays Bacon, 'ſhould be* learners, *while men grown up are* actors.' *This is true in every ſenſe.*

* '*The number of good actors who were not men of education is very ſmall; but now-a-days we imagine that all talents come by inſpiration, and that abilities are the reſult of the temporary exertion of what are called our energies.* 'Tout eſt bien, ſortant des mains de l'auteur des choſes, tout dégénere entre les mains de l'hommes.' *Many perſons ſeem to have read no farther in Emile than the firſt ſentence, which is the moſt falſe and ſophiſtical in the whole world;* eſt c'eſt beaucoup dire.

† 'Fatandum Latinos fere à Græcis vinci lepôre, ſed vincere gravitate.
Vas. de Poet. Lat. c. 7.

‡ '*Were it not for ſome men of education, who, luckily for the pleaſures of the world, became managers and actors, we ſhould ſtill have Cato played in a full-bottomed wig, and Coriolanus* en habit galonne, *and* peruque a la reine.

Be firſt a critic, then a player;—
And when, too ſoon, the flights of time
Shall give thy ſhape its manly prime,
And thought and ſtudy have refin'd,
And ſtor'd with claſſic taſte thy mind,
Then to the ſcene return, and claim
Thy well-earned meed, perennial fame.'

How far ſome of theſe ſatiric effuſions were dictated by juſtice and ſound criticiſm, it is not eaſy to ſay at this time. It is not impoſſible but the acting of this uncommon youth might at that period have been more open to cenſure, and it is poſſible that he may have derived benefit from the ſpleen of his adverſaries.

The engagement with mr. Jones being completed, his friends were induced to accept an offer of playing ſix nights at Cork, from mr. Peros the manager of a reſpectable company of comedians in the ſouth of Ireland.—He opened with Hamlet, on the 31ſt of December, it was however conſidered by impartial judges to poſſeſs leſs excellence than his two next performances which were Romeo and Douglas. The houſe was ſo full every night, that numbers of the inhabitants of Cork and its neighbourhood could not poſſibly get an opportunity of ſeeing his performance. An agreement was therefore made with mr. Peros, to extend the engagement for three nights long-

When from the court a birth-day ſuit beſtow'd,
Sinks the loſt actor in a tawdry load.
Booth enters;—hark! the univerſal peal!
But has he ſpoken?'—Not a ſyllable;
What ſhook the ſtage, and made the people ſtare?'
Cato's long wig, *flowered* gown, *and* lacquer'd *chair.* POPE.

'Il portait,' *ſays Scaron of M. Deſtin,* 'des chauſſes trouſſes a bas d'attache comme celles des comediens quand ils repreſentent un heros de l'antiquité.'

er. That this power of attraction was beyond any thing ever witneſſed in that city, will appear from the following circumſtance. Beſides mr. Peros' theatre in Cork, which was formerly occupied by mr. Philip Aſtley, and adapted for his performances, there is another belonging to the Dublin manager. In this the Dublin company play regularly ſome months in the year, and it is of courſe accounted the principal theatre there. The nightly receipts at this houſe frequently do not exceed ten pounds; yet it is an aſſured fact that mr. Peros, during the performances of the young Roſcius, received upwards of one hundred pounds every night.

By this time the fame of his extraordinary ſucceſs had reached as far as Scotland, and he now received a propoſal from mr. Jackſon, the Edinburgh manager, to play a few nights in that city. The offer was accepted; but as mr. Jackſon's ſeaſon was then far advanced, it was agreed that he ſhould firſt perform at Glaſgow the enſuing ſpring, and afterwards fulfil his engagement at Edinburgh. This interval enabled him, after completing his nine nights at Cork, to accompany mr. Peros' company to Waterford; where he performed four nights, with as much encouragement from the inhabitants, and as much advantage to himſelf, as could reaſonably be deſired.

His friends now thought it adviſable to begin their journey to the north, as the ſpring was approaching, and it was deſirable to be in a convenient ſituation for the paſſage to Scotland. This long journey, almoſt from one extremity of Ireland to the other, in the depth of winter, was of courſe extremely tedious and fatiguing. However it was happily completed without any accident, and he once more joined his old and reſpected friend mr. Atkins, at Londonderry, where it had been agreed that he ſhould play ſix nights, as the Glaſgow theatre was not to open for ſome time. Having completed this engagement with the ſame good fortune which had hitherto attended him, they ſet forward for the place of embarkation to Port Patrick. unfortunately, in their way to Donaghadee, mrs. Betty was ſeized with a very ſevere and dangerous illneſs, which obliged them to ſtop at an obſcure village on the road. Here they were detained for more than five weeks, under the moſt diſagreeable circumſtances; the weather being very inclement, and ſcarcely any medical aſſiſtance to be procured. At the end of that time ſhe recovered ſufficient ſtrength to go forward, and at length, after many difficulties, and a moſt ſtormy paſſage acroſs the channel, they arrived in ſafety at Glaſgow.

The mind of our young adventurer, as well as that of his affectionate friends, was far from being quite eaſy upon the ſcore of his probable ſucceſs in North Britain. The inhabitants have a taſte peculiarly their own in every thing; and in judging of dramatic excellence it was apprehended it might differ from that of the two other parts of the empire. It was known, too, that mr. Jackſon had been blamed and ridiculed for inviting the youth from Ireland. The accounts publiſhed of his extraordinary ſucceſs were undoubtedly conceived by the Scotch to be groſs puffs, or abſolutely chimerical. But mr. Jackſon, wiſely conſidering that the feelings of human nature are the ſame in every part of the world, encouraged mr. Betty's family to hope that all would be well. On the 21ſt May, 1804, the young Roſcius opened his career at Glaſgow, in the character of Douglas. His ſucceſs was ſo complete, that mr. Jackſon ſays 'he received the greateſt burſts of applauſe that he had ever witneſſed to have been given by any audience.'—He performed fourteen nights with undiminiſhed approbation. While he was acting in this town, a lampoon alſo was publiſhed againſt his Douglas by an anonymous critic. This ſatire likewiſe failed of its object, and, as the author was diſcovered, the public indignation was ſo ſtrongly manifeſted, as to oblige him to hide his head; for though the young comedian had no right to expect indulgence at the expence of truth, yet his tender age

entitled him to a fostering kindness not inconsistent with it.

He performed the same number of nights at Edinburgh, viz. fourteen, under the same manager as at Glasgow, and with similar success.

So remarkable an incident occurred in Edinburgh to add to the brilliancy of our young actor's career, that every one interested in the subject before us will be glad to read it in mr. Jackson's own words. 'On the forenoon of the 'play day,' says he, 'I met mr. Home, 'the author of Douglas, on the north 'bridge. Compliments being exchanged, I informed him that his popular 'play was to be performed that night. 'He said he had not heard of it; 'and enquired in what manner it was 'to be represented. I replied, it 'would be to his entire satisfaction. 'Explanations took place; and he 'promised me to be in the house by 'the opening of the play. But,' says 'he, 'I must have my own place; I 'shall come to your house, and you 'shall conduct me to it.' He came 'according to his word; and I had 'the pleasure of seating him at the 'side of the first wing, where I had 'enjoyed the same honour, at that 'very play, forty-three years before. 'And I presume, no one ever received 'higher gratification than he did from 'the performance of the evening. I 'speak it from conviction: I read 'his looks, and saw the undisguised 'workings of his frame.—The play 'concluded with reiterated applause, 'which scarcely ceasing, the author 'of Douglas, in the plenitude of rapturous enthusiasm, from the unexpected gratification he had received, 'stepped forward before the curtain, 'and bowed respectfully to the audience; retiring amidst the convulsed 'and tumultuous acclamations of the 'house.

'On his being veiled from the sight 'of the spectators, I asked him how he 'had been entertained. He answered, 'Never better! sir,' says he: 'this 'is the first time I ever saw the part 'of Douglas played; *i. e.* according 'to my ideas of the character, as at 'the time I conceived it; and as I 'wrote it. He is a wonderful being; 'his endowments great beyond con-'ception: and I pronounce him at 'present, or at least that he soon will 'be, one of the first actors upon the 'British stage!'

Mr. M'Cready, manager of the Birmingham theatre, was the first person in England who had the good fortune to catch this *rara avis*, and with this bird, he deservedly feathered his nest.

After performing fourteen nights or more at Birmingham, he went under the same manager to Sheffield, and acted nearly as many. At both these towns not only the theatres were thronged to a great overflow, but the public inns were fully occupied by persons who had arrived in the stages from a distance, to gratify their curiosity with the sight of this wonderful boy.

About the beginning of October he arrived at Liverpool, and here all his former successes, though brilliant, were eclipsed; for it should be observed, that though the Liverpool theatre exceeds in size that of any other in the empire (London and Dublin only excepted.) Here the most flattering attention was paid him by prince William Frederick of Gloucester, being commander in chief of the north western district. His royal highness invited mr. Betty and his son to his villa, condescending even to recommend a plan for his education, which we understand will be pursued, as far as circumstances will permit. His royal highness particularly advised that the produce of his exertions, or a considerable part thereof, should be placed for his use in the hands of trustees, in order that this fund so formed might be employed to bring his precocious talents to maturity, and complete his education on a liberal and extensive plan.

He next went to Chester, where he performed a few nights, and the last provincial boards he appeared on were those of Manchester. In some of these places, it has been said, he performed *twice a day*; but we conceive it could have been no more than a rehearsal on the day of performance: at which, however, it is not improbable that money may have been taken. He

He is now engaged at both houſes in London, and at a ſalary which, including his twelfth night's performance, muſt amount to near a hundred pounds for every night he acts.

Of his voice, it was ſaid at Belfaſt to poſſeſs a clear and ſilver tone; it is however now huſky, as if labouring under a cold; but it ſhould be recollected that it is about the time of breaking. We become leſs ſenſible of it as we continue to hear him. When he is carried to any extent of emotion, the deficiency is then quite overlooked. There appear to be no defects in this particular but thoſe incident to his youth, and which will, in all likelihood, be removed entirely by age. Shakeſpeare wrote, as it were, by intuition; the young Roſcius ſeems to act by the ſame gift. His conception of the character he performs is ſo fit and proper, that every one is greatly ſurpriſed and pleaſingly deceived when they behold this boon of nature ſo tranſcendently ſurpaſſing all that can be acquired by mere practice and ſtudy. When the beſt inſtructed young perſons undertake to perform any part in a play, they have ever been obſerved to exhibit too much action and vigor, the conſequence of a deficient judgment.

One circumſtance highly worthy of remark is, that though his deportment on the ſtage is ſo much more manly than could be conceived, yet are his actions, amuſements, and addreſs, in private more than commonly puerile. Hitherto he has appeared reſtrained and timid at times; at others indifferent to every thing around him; his attachment to his art, however, ſuperſedes all other paſſions and deſires.

With regard to his perſon, he can be neither conſidered ſhort or tall of his age. He is by no means ſo ſlim as ſome portraits in circulation would repreſent him. His face is not ſtrictly beautiful; perhaps in the opinion of many it wants animation; yet his features are ſo regularly formed, and are ſo capable of exhibiting in turn every emotion of the ſoul, that he cannot be thought to want any ſtage requiſite in this particular. His poſtures and movements are eminently graceful and eaſy: this is an accompliſhment of his art which is conſidered as peculiarly difficult and deſirable in an actor.—Every line deſcribed by his body in its change of poſition may truly be called the line of beauty: for his attitude in the laſt act of Lovers' Vows, we have no heſitation in ſaying, it exhibits one of the moſt graceful and elegant models for a ſtatue, the moſt refined imagination can conceive.

The portrait annexed, we can with confidence aſſert, will give a true repreſentation of his perſon. Of his debût on the London ſtage, our article under the head Britiſh theatre, ſpeaks.

The public have been laudably concerned leſt the health of the *young Roſcius* ſhould ſuffer by his too frequent performances, and have alſo expreſſed ſome anxiety with regard to the immenſe emoluments* ariſing from his public exertions. Upon this ſubject the father has addreſſed a letter to the editors of the ſeveral newſpapers, the contents whereof do as much honour to his feelings, as the ſtyle of it reflects credit on his abilities. It is as follows:

'Sir,—Moſt of the daily papers have, within theſe few days, teemed with paragraphs and letters, addreſſed to me, as the father of maſter Betty.—Some of them have aſſumed the gentler ſhape of admonition; others the more poſitive form of accuſation and cenſure. I am adviſed by ſome to be particularly mindful of my ſon's health. I am accuſed by others of wantonly impairing it.

'When I conſider the motives that have influenced the writers of theſe letters and paragraphs, it is impoſſible for me to feel any ſentiment of anger. But I own I am hurt by them, and I think I have ſome little reaſon to complain. I hope a father may claim to be readily believed, when he aſſerts that he is tenderly ſolicitous for the welfare of his ſon; that he is deeply anxious for

N O T E.

* *We have heard it declared that, upon a probable calculation, his profits for one year, taking date from his firſt appearance at Birmingham, will exceed £.20,000!*

His

his health; and that he is ardently deſirous of promoting, to the utmoſt of his power, his fortune and his fame.

'Of the cauſes that produced my ſon's frequent appearance at Covent-garden theatre laſt week, it is not neceſſary here to enter into any explanation, as they cannot operate again. But upon the ſtate of my ſon's health, it may afford pleaſure to the public to know, that all the accounts of his labouring under a ſevere cold, of his being languid from too great fatigue and exertion, and of his being under a courſe of recruiting medicine, are entirely without foundation. His mother and myſelf never recollect his health and ſpirits to have been better than they are at preſent.

'Sir, it cannot but be painful for a parent to feel himſelf under the neceſſity of making ſtipulations with the public, that he will not be a careleſs and negligent guardian of his ſon. In any other caſe ſuch a neceſſity would imply ſuſpicion of the father—in the preſent I am aware that it has been produced merely by ſolicitude for the ſon. Under this impreſſion, I can have no objection to pledge, in the moſt ſolemn manner, that, whilſt I will uſe every means to prevent my ſon from injuring his health by too great and frequent efforts of his, I will take care that the fortune and fruits of his efforts ſhall not be deſtroyed nor impaired by any improper conduct or negligence of mine.

'Thoſe who know me, would not deem any ſuch ſtipulation or pledge neceſſary—but how ſmall muſt be the number of thoſe perſons, compared with the vaſt maſs of the public!

'I am, ſir, your moſt obedient ſervant, 'W. H. BETTY.'

Britiſh Theatre.

Account of the Muſical Entertainment called Matrimony, performed for the firſt time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Wedneſday, November 21, 1804.

THIS piece, report ſays, is the production of mr. Kenny, whoſe pen has already contributed ſo much to the entertainment of the public at Covent-garden theatre, by his humorous and popular entertainment of *Raiſing the Wind*. The plot is taken from the French opera of *Adolphe et Clara*. Baron de Limburg, mr. Dowton; Delaval, mr. Elliſton; O'Clogharty, mr. Johnſtone; Clara, mrs. Jordan; Liſetta, mrs. Bland.

Delaval and *Clara*, an amiable young married couple, at Berlin, having by too faſhionable habits, and a mutual perverſeneſs of diſpoſition, involved themſelves in inceſſant quarrels with each other, at length both ſolicit the uncle of *Clara*, a cabinet miniſter, to uſe his power in procuring them a ſeparation. The uncle, convinced of the goodneſs of their hearts, and of their lurking fondneſs for each other, reſolves, in order to cure them of their folly, and convince them how neceſſary they were to each other's happineſs, to confine them both in a mock priſon. He commits the management of his plan to his friend the *Baron de Limburg*, whoſe caſtle, at a few miles from the city, is accordingly converted into the pretended priſon. They are arreſted ſeparately, and meet unexpectedly in the caſtle of Limburg. Their meeting, at firſt, is attended with mutual reproaches; but, by degrees, feeling the ſolitude and gloom of their ſituation, they court each other's company, and finally relapſe into all the ardour of their firſt affection. They are then detected in an attempt to eſcape; when an offer of freedom is made to the firſt who ſhould ſign a deed of ſeparation. This they both refuſe, and determine rather to paſs their lives together in a priſon than part again. The *baron*, thus convinced their follies are radically cured, diſcovers the plot, and they prepare to return, mutually happy, to Berlin.

Upon this ſtory, mr. Kenny has built a very diverting and intereſting little piece, which adds to his riſing reputation. The incidents, though not always natural, are uniformly amuſing, and the effect was generally heightened by the uncommon exertions of the performers. Nothing could

Mrs Jordan

could be happier than the caſt of the characters. Johnſtone was quite at home in *O'Clogharty*, and repreſented himſelf with all the warmth and good nature of his countrymen. *Delaval* and *Clara* could not have had better repreſentatives than Elliſton and mrs. Jordan, and as the chief buſineſs of the piece turned upon their differences and reconciliation, the exertions of their repreſentatives did ample juſtice to the author, and gave infinite ſatisfaction to a moſt crowded audience. The approximations, on their firſt meeting in their ſuppoſed priſon, from abſolute indifference to a revival of all the ardour of former affection, were very agreeably and ſucceſsfully diſplayed. Mrs. Bland's part was altogether vocal, and we need not add how well it was ſuſtained. The piece on the whole went off with deſerved ſucceſs, and is likely to become a favourite. The poetry is ſimple and pretty. The overture and muſic are by P. King, and characteriſed by ſweetneſs and ſimplicity, rather than variety and compaſs. Mrs. Jordan's ſong was rapturouſly encored. *(Her Portrait is given this month.)* This beautiful *morceau* we underſtand to be of mr. Kelly's compoſition. Almoſt all the other ſongs were encored, but particularly one by Johnſtone in the ſecond act, to the tune of a popular Iriſh air, was on the repetition ſucceeded by frequently repeated thunders of applauſe. The piece was anounced for a ſecond repreſentation, amidſt the loudeſt applauſes.

December 1.

MASTER Betty's firſt appearance this day before a London audience, on the boards of Covent-garden theatre, will be conſidered as a remarkable epoch in the hiſtory of the Engliſh ſtage. To ſee a boy who has juſt attained his *thirteenth* year, perform ſome of the moſt difficult characters in the Britiſh drama, not with the mere endurance, but with the vehement applauſe of crowded audiences, is a circumſtance ſo much above common credulity, that we require the evidence of our eyes and ears to be ſatisfied of the fact. The extraordinary reputation which had followed the theatrical exertions of maſter Betty on the different provincial theatres, was the harbinger of his appearance in the metropolis; and it was to be expected, that the public curioſity would be proportionate to the profeſſional fame that he had acquired.

On no occaſion has there been a ſtronger and more ardent deſire manifeſted by all ranks and deſcriptions of people to gain admittance to the theatre.

So early as one and two o'clock in the day, many perſons had taken their ſtations near the doors leading to the pit, boxes, and galleries; long before the doors were opened, they ſtretched out in long, thick, cloſe-wedged, impenetrable columns, to the extremity of the Piazzas, in Covent-garden, and quite acroſs Bow-ſtreet. Many who did not mean to attempt to get in, lined the ſtreets and windows, contemplating with ſentiments of awe and fear the tremendous accumulation of numbers. The proprietors and managers of the theatre, well aware of the public anxiety and impatience, had provided a ſelect number of peace-officers in the inſide of the theatre, and procured a ſtrong detachment of guards outſide, in caſe it ſhould be neceſſary, from the preſſure of the crowd, and the narrowneſs of the ſpace, to ſecure egreſs to thoſe who might not be able to procure admiſſion, or who might be taken ill or be injured in the preſſure, and might wiſh but could not get out.—Never did men do their duty with more moderation and mildneſs than both the police officers and the ſoldiers. The precaution that had been taken ſoon became neceſſary. In the crowd before the doors, long before they were opened, the heat and preſſure became ſo intolerable, that many perſons fainted; and after the doors were opened, many were in danger of ſuffocation from the weight and force of the numbers from without, who could not be prevailed upon by the repreſentations or ſhrieks of the people confined within to deſiſt from attempting to force the paſſage. The danger at laſt was

ſo great, that the guards were unanimouſly called for by the terriſied perſons who were included within the inner and outer doors, and who could not make good their retreat. The ſoldiers with the utmoſt dexterity and good temper cleared the crowd from without; and, lining the entrance, permitted any one to retire, but no one to enter. In the ſpace of a few minutes the two galleries were filled, and ſo cloſely wedged, that not one more could get admittance. The pit was two-thirds filled, not from the pit-doors and paſſages, but from the boxes. Gentlemen, who knew there were no places untaken in the boxes, and who could not get up the pit avenue, paid for admiſſion into the boxes, and poured from the front boxes into the pit by twenties and thirties at a time. Still, even after it was crammed, the gentlemen crowded the front boxes; and being unable, for want of room, to deſcend into the pit, remained there. It was in vain that thoſe who had taken them, perhaps weeks before, attempted to get to their places; ſome ladies, however, were ſuffered to occupy the front rows. The police-officers fruitleſsly attempted to clear the other rows for thoſe who had taken them; all their efforts were vain; twice were they under the neceſſity of attempting force; but they were overpowered by numbers and beaten back; and the firſt occupiers of the ſeats remained the permanent poſſeſſors of them. The ruſh into the other boxes was great; but order was more eaſily preſerved in them, for it was impoſſible they could deſcend from them into the pit. The lobbies were as much crammed as almoſt any other part of the houſe; and happy did ſome think themſelves who could get a ſtation at the ſmall holes at the backs of the boxes; or who could procure a view of the ſtage as the box doors were occaſionally opened. The heat in every part of the houſe became exceſſive very ſoon after it was filled.—What air could be admitted was admitted. The ſtage curtain was raiſed a foot or two from the ſtage; but the preſſure was ſo great, that all the means tried were unſufficient. In the pit many gentlemen fainted, and were dragged up, apparently lifeleſs, into the boxes. It was with ſatisfaction obſerved but few females expoſed this diſtreſſing ſtate in the pit—there were but about twenty, and fortunately were placed in ſuch ſituations near the orcheſtra, that they had a full benefit of the air from the ſtage. The ſcene, it may well be ſuppoſed, occaſioned great noiſe and confuſion.

The play was *Barbaroſſa;* and maſter Betty's appearance was to have been preceded by an occaſional addreſs (*See page 53, of our poetic department.*) Mr. C. Kemble came forward to ſpeak it; but the clamour and uproar rendered all his efforts to be heard, or to beſpeak attention, ineffectual. The interruption proceeded from the people in the gallery, ſome of whom expected that the addreſs would be ſpoken by maſter Betty himſelf; others wanted Garrick's original prologue; while many reprehended any apology. After enduring the 'pelting of the pitileſs ſtorm' for many minutes, mr. C. Kemble retired, and the play commenced with the entrance of *Othman* and the ſlaves. No ſooner had the performers who repreſented theſe characters appeared, than the tumult encreaſed; and they, in their turn, after having gone through half the firſt ſcene, were obliged to yield to the temporary diſapprobation of the audience. Mr. C. Kemble again came forward, and *geſticulated* the addreſs: for to have ſpoken it would have been labour loſt, as the perſons neareſt to the ſtage could not poſſibly have heard a line of it.

The play was then ſuffered to proceed; but of the firſt act little could be heard. The audience ſeemed totally indifferent to every actor but the young Roſcius. *Achmet* (or *Selim*) does not make his appearance till the middle of the ſecond act.

The play was caſt in the following manner:—

Barbaroſſa, mr. Hargrave; Achmet (Selim) maſter Betty: Othman, mr. Murray: Sadi, mr. Creſwell; Aladin, mr. Cory; Zaphira, mrs. Litchfield; Irene, mrs. H. Siddons.

The

The character of *Achmet* (or *Selim*) was not injudiciously chosen for the young Roscius's first appearance. He is but a stripling. *Barbarossa* says in the first act to *Othman*—

——————How many years
Number'd he?
Othman.—I think, scarce thirteen when his father died;
And now some twenty.

The boy has just completed his thirteenth year; but the part, though that of a stripling, requires great abilities, great management of voice and feature; it is a part of uncommon energy.—We have said, that little attention was paid to the first act; the audience would have been glad to have dispensed with it, and to have rushed at once *in medias res*; yet there was one passage spoken by *Zaphira*, in the first scene of the second act, which was highly applauded by the audience, both because it was admirably delivered by mrs. Litchfield, and because the audience applied it to Bonaparte.

Zaphira.—Whom stil'st thou king?
Othman.—'Tis Barbarossa! He means to see thee.
Zaphira.—Curses blast the tyrant!
Does he assume the name of king?
Othman.—He does.
Zaphira.—O title vilely purchas'd by the blood
Of innocence! by treachery and murder!
May Heav'n incens'd pour down its vengeance on him;
Blast all his joys, and turn them into horror;
Till phrensy rise, and bid him curse the hour
That gave his crimes their birth!

At length the object so long wished for made his appearance. When *Barbarossa* desires *Achmet* to be brought to him, the whole house was kept in the deepest attention, and not a whisper was heard. As soon as he came on, he was received with a tumult of applause. He bowed with much respect, but his self-possession did not appear to be much shaken. Yet for a moment or two, his voice began to falter; perhaps from the appearance of such a house, and the greetings that he had just received. He was dressed (as a slave) in white linen pantaloons, and a short close russet jacket, trimmed with sable, with a turban hat. His countenance is extremely prepossessing; his eyes quick, intelligent, and expressive; his mouth pleasing; his figure well made, and not taller than boys of thirteen usually are.—If he felt any embarrassment when he entered, it vanished in a few moments. He was immediately the actor, attentive to the scene, and engrossed with his part:—almost his first speech was delivered with unusual energy.

While night drew on, we leap'd upon our prey,
Full at his heart brave *Omar* aim'd the poniard,
Which *Selim* shunning, wrench'd it from his hand,
Then plung'd it in his breast;—I hasted on—
Too late to save, yet I *reveng'd* my friend—
My thirsty dagger, with repeated blows,
Search'd every artery—They fell together,
Gasping in folds of mortal enmity,
And thus in frowns expir'd.

He gave an expression to the speech, particularly to that part which we have marked in *Italics*, which drew down a thunder of applause. His introduction of himself to *Othman*, his trial of him his declaration,

Read'st not in mine eye
Remorseless fury? I am *Selim*'s murd'rer;

was given with fine effect. His affected triumph at having been the murderer of *Selim*; his rising approbation of the abhorrence which *Othman* expresses of the deed; his joy at the praises bestowed upon *Selim*; the varying expression of his features, were managed with great art. He never seemed to be wandering from the scene. The low tone in which he discovers to *Othman* that *Selim* is yet alive; the eye search-

ing

ing every part of the hall, leſt any liſtener ſhould be concealed, aſtoniſhed the audience. If there was a fault to be found, it was that his utterance in ſome of the ſpeeches was rather too rapid; the rapidity prevented the proper emphaſis from being placed upon ſome of the parts, and impaired the effect of one or two paſſages; but this was a fault that occurred but ſeldom. Whenever he wiſhed to produce a great effect, he never failed. Nothing could be more impreſſive than the manner in which he gave the following paſſages:

——————Let not fear
Sully thy virtue—'tis the lot of guilt
To tremble—What hath innocence to do with fear—

And

Not till a deed be done, which ev'ry tyrant
Shall tremble when he hears!
Othman.—What means my prince?
Selim.—To take juſt vengeance for a father's blood,
A mother's ſuff'rings, and a people's groans!

The concluding ſpeech was delivered with peculiar energy:—

Beneath this very roof, my honour'd father
Shed round his bleſſings, 'till accurſed treach'ry
Stole on his peaceful hour—Oh, bleſſed ſhade!
If yet thou hover'ſt o'er thy once-lov'd clime,
Now aid me to redreſs thy bleeding wrongs!
Infuſe thy mighty ſpirit into my breaſt,
Thy firm and dauntleſs fortitude; unaw'd
By peril, pain, or death! that undiſmay'd
I may purſue the juſt intent, and dare
Or bravely to revenge, or bravely die!

The act cloſed with reiterated plaudits; and during the interval between that act and the third, one general buz of admiration and aſtoniſhment was heard throughout the houſe.

Hitherto we have conſidered him only as giving the different ſpeeches with peculiar energy and diſcrimin on. There is nothing, however, m extraordinary in this boy than the varying attention that he pays to buſineſs of the ſtage. Of courſe, h not inſenſible to praiſe; but the lou huzzas, the moſt rapturous brav did not at all divert him from ſcene; nor when he had finiſhed ſpeeches, did he drop into that w dering gaze that roams round houſe, and is directed every where where it ought, which is ſo common many actors.

We proceed to the third act. there was any thing to be found f with in his firſt interview with *Ir* in the beginning of the third act, was, that his tones were not quite ſoft and ſweet as we could have wi them to be for the tenderneſs of lo there was a hurrying over of ſome the ſpeeches; there were none of th melting tones which are ſo natural a neceſſary to the expreſſion of that p ſion; no one could have ſuppoſed t he felt any ſentiments of tender for *Irene*; her preſence ſeemed to commode him; he did not ſeem to it be ſufficiently ſeen, that his bo was occupied by two maſter paſſi filial affection for his mother, and for *Irene*. But if there was any f to be found in his interview with *I* it was more than atoned for by ſcene with his mother. His reſtrai tenderneſs—his apparent tranſport the praiſes beſtowed upon him by mother—the difficulty with which refrains from declaring himſelf—the covery of her ſon's being alive—determination of that ſon to reve her wrongs—the energy with which gave the following lines, were above praiſe:—

Bid her remember that the ways Heav'n,
Tho' dark, are juſt; that oft guardian pow'r
Attends, unſeen, to ſave the innoc
But if high Heav'n decrees our Oh! bid her
Firmly to await the ſtroke, prep alike
To live and die—and then he wept do.

The ſubſequent ſcene with *Othman* and *Sadi*, to the end of the act, was played with great ſkill, and drew from the audience not merely approbation, but long continued ſhouts. A few of the ſpeeches we ſhall particularize:—

Think not theſe tears unnerve me, valiant friends;
They have but harmoniz'd my ſoul; and wak'd
All that is man within me, to diſdain
Peril or death.

Selim.—What! leave my helpleſs mother here a prey
To cruelty and luſt?—I'll periſh firſt:
This very night the tyrant threatens violence;
I'll watch his ſteps; I'll haunt him through the palace:
And, ſhould he meditate a deed ſo vile,
I'll hover o'er him like an unſeen peſtilence,
And blaſt him in his guilt!—

Selim.—Think'ſt thou, Sadi,
That when the trying hour of peril comes,
Selim ſhall ſhrink into a common man?
Worthleſs were he to rule, who dares not claim,
Pre-eminence in danger!

The ſoliloquy with which the third act concludes was among the beſt of the whole.

Selim.—Now ſleep and ſilence
Brood o'er the city.—The devoted ſentinel
Now takes his lonely ſtand; and idly dreams
Of that to-morrow which ſhall never come!
In this dread interval, O buſy thought,
From outward things deſcend into thyſelf!—
Search deep my heart! bring with thee awful Conſcience,
And firm reſolve; that in th' approaching hour
Of blood and horror, I may ſtand unmov'd;
Nor fear to ſtrike where juſtice calls, nor dare
To ſtrike where ſhe forbids!
Witneſs, ye pow'rs of heav'n!
That not from you, but from the murd'rer's eye,
I wrap myſelf in night!—To you I ſtand
Reveal'd in noon-tide day!—Oh, could I arm
My hand with war! then, like to you, array'd
In ſtorm and fire, my ſwift-avenging thunder
Should blaſt this tyrant; But ſince fate denies
That privilege, I'll ſeize on what it gives:
Like the deep-cavern'd earthquake, burſt beneath him,
And whelm his throne, his empire, and himſelf,
In one prodigious ruin!—

Moſt of the obſervations that we have applied to the preceding act are applicable to the fourth; there was the ſame energy, the ſame attention to the ſcene. His intruſion upon *Barbaroſſa* when his mother is in danger—his attempts to ſave her—the dignity with which he diſcovers himſelf to the tyrant, was very fine. The manner in which he delivered the following ſpeech will not eaſily be forgotten:—

Off, ye vile ſlaves! I am your King—retire—
And tremble at my frowns! *That* is the traitor!
That is the murd'rer, tyrant, raviſher—
Seize *him*,
And do your *Country* right!

We have marked the words that he gave with peculiar effect. His ſubſequent rebuke too of his mother for entertaining the thought of uniting herſelf with *Barbaroſſa* was very forcible; but the tender expreſſion which he infuſed into the following lines, was, perhaps, one of the beſt parts of his performance:—

Ye Miniſters of Death! in pity lend
Your ſwords, or ſome kind weapon of deſtruction!
Sure the moſt mournful boon, that ever Son
Aſk'd for the beſt of *Mothers*—

The ſoftened, ſubdued, pathetic tone, in which he ſpoke the word *mothers*, touched every heart.

Upon the fifth act there are few remarks to make. It is tame in itſelf, but requires ſkill in the actor;—and the greateſt praiſe that can be beſtowed upon him is, not to have impaired the impreſſion which he had produced in the preceding acts. In delivering the concluding ſpeech of the act, he raiſed his voice rather too high; but the fault was trifling. The curtain dropped amid loud ſhouts of applauſe; and his ſecond appearance in the ſame character on the Monday following was announced amidſt a torrent of huzzas.

In paſſing from particulars to generals, we feel ourſelves at a loſs how to proceed. We cannot try him as a *boy*, who comes forward with ſuperior pretenſions. We cannot rate him as a *man*, when ſo many *means* of future excellence are as yet unripened and undiſcloſed. When we mention that his ſtep is firm and manly—his geſticulation free and unembarraſſed—and his delivery in general correct, we ſpeak of things which might poſſibly be acquired from tuition. But the intelligence of manner—the eloquence of the eye when ſpeech was denied—the rapid, yet judicious, tranſitions from proſtrate affliction to dignified reſentment are qualities which a Garrick might diſplay, but which he could never transfuſe.

We do not mean to hold forth this youth as a model of perfection; but that, at his age, he ſhould approach ſo nearly to it, is the wonder which it is our province to record.—That he ſhould, as if by intuition, ſeize upon the diſcriminative marks of character and the expreſſion of paſſions which he never knew, can only be ſet down to the potent inſpiration of native genius. There were ſome *ſpecks*, however, in this *riſing ſun!* There was a monotony which ſometimes, when he was not arouſed to paſſion, aſſailed the critical ear; and a propenſity to rant in one or two inſtances, which, however was in no caſe purſued ſo far as much to offend. *Selim* he ſometimes pronounced *Selem*, and even *Selum*; and *Oran* he acented on the firſt ſyllable, *O'ran*, inſtead of the laſt, *Oran'*, as the verſe in every inſtance requires.

It has been aſked—'Suppoſing preciſely the ſame powers in the poſſeſſion and exerciſe of a perſon arrived at manhood, would they be conſidered as rare and extraordinary?' This is not a fair way of judging on ſuch an occaſion. Take young Roſcius as he *is*, the moſt faſtidious critic muſt declare him a prodigy. Whether the ſame powers will 'grow with his growth, and ſtrengthen with his ſtrength,' we cannot preſume to determine; but *if they do*, we heſitate not to ſay that he will equal any of his predeceſſors in the art.—In perſon the young Roſcius may, generally ſpeaking, be deſcribed as a handſome boy. His complexion is remarkably fair; but his features are not ſtrongly marked. In grace and eaſe he is admirable. He treads the ſtage with the dignity and firmneſs of a veteran. He alſo ſhows conſiderable felicity in changing the expreſſion of the paſſions. In ſhort, he appears to us to have no faults but what may be amended by time, *if he be not over ſet by the inundation of indiſcriminate panegyric which is daily pouring upon him from overzealous friends.*

Crow-Street, Theatre, December 29.

MUCH Ado about Nothing, and Midnight Hour.

Tueſday, Jan. 1, 1805.

The Comedy of the BLIND BARGAIN, and the muſical farce of LOVE LAUGHS at LOCK SMITHS, were performed to a very genteel audience.—Mr. Talbot exhibited the character of VILLARS, with all the effect it is capable of—if we except in ſome ſcenes too great faſtidiouſneſs of *meaſured motion*, particularly in his arms—the good ſentiments, and correct, if not elegant language which Villars is made to utter, carry with them internal evidences of the habits and education of a gentleman, notwithſtanding the heavy preſſure of multiplied misfortunes,

tunes, and consequent seclusion from fashionable life.—This hint may be useful to that excellent and judicious player, who unquestionably has *gentlemanly graces* at command.—In the afterpiece, mr. Fullam's TOTTERTON was strongly marked with originality and effect.

2.] Castle Spectre, and Padlock—mr. Fullam's Mungo was excellent.

3.] Wonder, and Spoiled Child. Mrs. Edwin performed extremely well both in play and farce.

4.] Busy Body, and Farmer.

5.] Inconstant, and Love Laughs at Lockfmiths.

7.] King Henry IVth, and Agreeable Surprize. Mr. Fullam performed Lingo in a capital style.

8.] Lionel and Clarissa, and Raising the Wind.

9.] Inconstant, and Flitch of Bacon.

11.] Rule a Wife, and Bon Ton.

12.] Confederacy, and Sprigs of Laurel.

14.] Castle Spectre, and Highland Reel.

15.] Much Ado about Nothing, and Flitch of Bacon.

16.] The Confederacy, and Mock Doctor.

17.] Inconstant, and Farmer.

18.] Provoked Husband, and Agreeable Surprize.

19.] Much Ado about Nothing, and Prize, by command.

21.] King Henry VIIIth, and No Song no Supper.

22.] Country Girl, and Flitch of Bacon.

23.] Jane Shore, and Poor Soldier. Miss Walstien performed Jane Shore with propriety and feeling. A mrs. Moore made her appearance in Alicia. We cannot think her abilities adequate to a character of such consequence; the audience, however treated her with their usual indulgence.

24.] Road to Ruin, and first time, a new farce, called Matrimony, which was received with great applause. Mr. R. Jones, and mrs. Edwin, were extremely happy in their respective characters; we were surprized to see mr. Fullam put into a part so much beneath his abilities, and which a third or fourth-rate performer would be fully capable of doing justice to.

25.] Hamlet, and Matrimony. A mr. Foote, appeared in Hamlet, and received considerable applause.

26.] Rivals, and Matrimony.—Mr. Fullam, mrs. Hitchcock, mrs. Edwin, and miss Walstien performed their parts capitally.

28.] Castle Spectre, and Highland Reel.

New Method of Sweeping Chimnies, recommended for Practice in Ireland.

Society in London for bettering the Condition of Chimney Sweepers.

THE first premium of this society having been adjudged to mr. GEORGE SMART, timber merchant, of Ordnance-wharf, Westminster-bridge, who some years ago obtained a patent for hollow masts for ships; we have judged it proper to introduce a full and correct description of his invention. [Illustrated by a wood cut.]

The principal parts of this machine are the brush, the rods for raising the brush, and the cord for connecting the whole together.

The *brush* consists of four fan-shaped or wing-like portions, which are connected to a squared piece of wood by hinges, in order that when it is ascending the chimney, it may take up as little room as possible, and when descending may spread out and sweep the soot down; by a contrivance exactly like that which prevents a common umbrella from flapping down, the wings are prevented from falling into their contracted form, when once properly expanded. The substance generally made use of for the brush is what is called *whisk*, but other materials may be substituted if thought preferable.

The *rods* are hollow tubes, two feet and a half in length, having a metal socket of a conical form at the lower end of each, the bottom edge of which socket is rounded off to prevent the cord from being cut. Some of these

ſockets are furniſhed with a ſcrew, for the purpoſe of confining the cord, and preventing the rods from ſeparating; under this ſcrew is a piece of metal which immediately preſſes againſt the cord. The upper ends of the rods are made ſomewhat taper, and have a ſmall motion in the ſockets.

The cord is faſtened by a knot at the upper end of the bruſh, and is paſſed through the whole ſeries of rods by which the machine is kept together. Some of the cord manufactured by the children at *the ſchool for the indigent blind*, which from its ſtrength is well calculated for this purpoſe, has been frequently made uſe of by mr. Smart.

Explanation of the figures in the plate.

I. The bruſh expanded, as when drawing down the chimney.

II. The bruſh with the wings down, in the form it is when puſhing up the chimney. On one of the rods is ſeen the ſcrew for confining the cord.

III. A bar compoſed of two pieces —one ſliding out of the other (like a teleſcope-ſlide), and furniſhed with a ſcrew for fixing it at different lengths, according to the ſize of the opening of the fire-place. Three of theſe bars make part of the apparatus belonging to the machine; one, for faſtening up a cloth, is placed horizontally, and the other two are fixed upright, for cloſing the ſides of the cloth to the jambs of the chimney piece.

IV. The machine raiſed up the chimney, with a man, placed on the outſide of the cloth, working it.

V. The cloth hung on the horizontal bar above mentioned.

VI. A part of the apparatus, called the purchaſe, compoſed of a ſmall poſt and pulley, faſtened into a board, for the purpoſe of more eaſily drawing the cord tight before it is ſcrewed down.

Method of uſing the machine.

Having firſt aſcertained by looking into the chimney, what courſe the flue immediately takes; the cloth is then to be fixed before the fire-place, with the horizontal bar, fig. 3, and the ſides to be cloſed with two bars of the ſame ſort, placed upright; the next part of the operation is to introduce through the opening of the cloth, fig. 5, the bruſh in its contracted form, fig. 2; this opening is then to be buttoned, or otherwiſe cloſed, to prevent the ſoot from coming into the apartments; then one of the rods is to be paſſed up the cord into the ſocket on the lower end of the rod which ſupports the bruſh; the other rods are in like manner, one by one in ſucceſſion, to be brought up, until the bruſh is raiſed ſome what above the top of the chimney, obſerving to keep the cord conſtantly tight; and when thoſe rods which have a ſcrew in the ſocket are brought up, they are to be placed upon the purchaſe, the cord put under the pulley, and drawn very tight, and ſcrewed down, by which all the rods above will be firmly connected together, and the whole may be conſidered as one long flexible rod. When it is ſuppoſed that the bruſh is near the top of the chimney, the perſon who is working it may move it up and down gently, and he will find if the bruſh is quite out, that it will ſtop in returning on the pot, or chimney. When it is known to be out, the machine is to be drawn down, when the edges of the bruſh ſtriking againſt the top of the chimney will cauſe it to expand; and there being a ſpring to prevent its contracting again, it will ſweep down the ſoot. The whiſk being long and elaſtic, makes the bruſh capable of filling flues of very different diameters. If, as ſometimes happens, there is any difficulty found in drawing the bruſh into the upper part of the chimney, the rods muſt be thruſt up again ſomewhat higher, to alter the direction, then carefully drawn down; in doing which, the perſon that works the machine ſhould graſp, with his left hand, the rod immediately above that which he is ſeparating with his right hand, otherwiſe he may chance to have ſome of thoſe above looſen and ſlide down the cord, which will render the work unpleaſant and difficult; the rods as they are brought down, are to be laid carefully one by one in as ſmall a compaſs

SMART'S CHIMNEY CLEANSER.

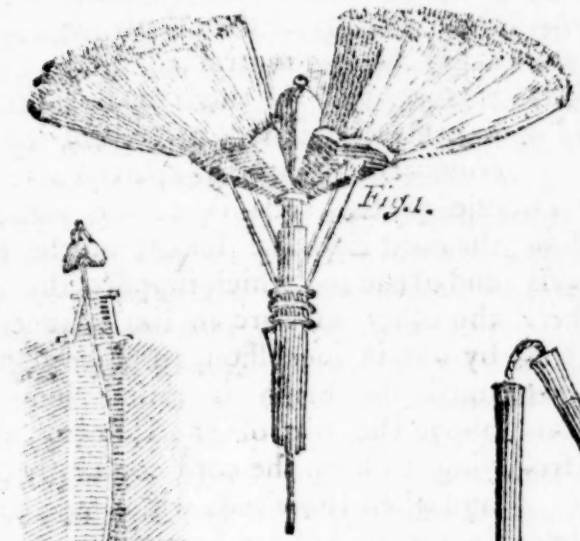


Fig. 1.

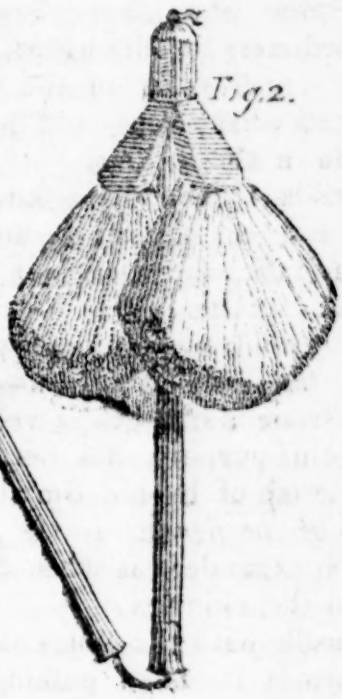
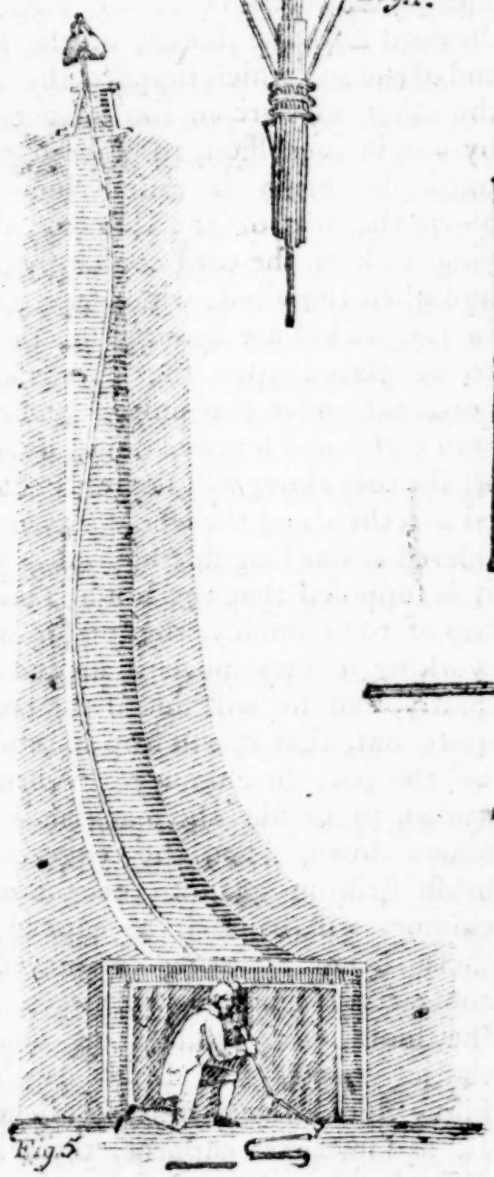


Fig. 2.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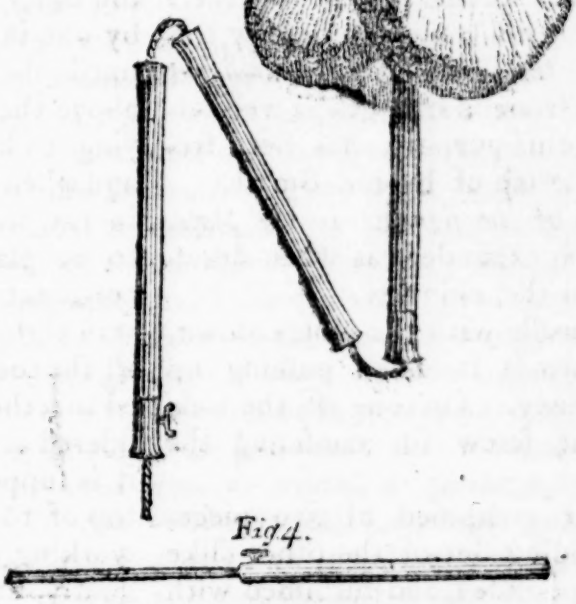
Fig. 4.

Fig. 3.

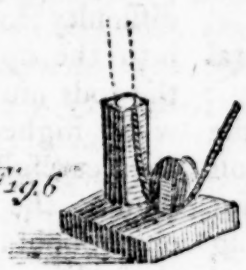
Fig. 6

ompaſs as they conveniently can be, that they may not dirt the rooms.—With a little attention they may be placed like a bundle of ſticks, ſide by ſide, in very little ſpace. When the bruſh is down it is to be ſhaken within-ſide the cloth; then the ſpring muſt be puſhed in, and the bruſh, which was expanded, will fall into the form it went up. It will be proper to let the cloth remain a ſhort time up (where great cleanlineſs is required) that the finer

finer particle of foot may ſubſide within it.

If the bruſh has been unuſed for a length of time, the hinges, &c. of it muſt be examined to ſee if they will move freely, otherwiſe it may not properly expand when in uſe. When the machine is uſed for extinguiſhing a chimney on fire, a coarſe cloth is to be tied over the bruſh, and dipped into water, then paſſed up as above directed for ſweeping chimnies.

Obſervations.

It is now more than eighteen months ſince mr. Smart firſt brought this machine into uſe, ſince which the men whom he employs have ſwept with it about two thouſand times. The ſucceſs and approbation with which he has met, has been far beyond what was expected from any machine which could be worked entirely from below, over and above the principal and important purpoſe for which it was deſigned, (that of preventing in future infants from climbing the flues,) the vaſt quantity of ſoot it brings down, and great cleanlineſs with which the operation is performed, where proper precaution is taken, have brought it very deſervedly into great repute. One perſon is ſufficient for performing the whole of the work with this machine, but it will be found very convenient to have an aſſiſtant, to give up the rods from the ground, and re-place them there when brought down. Thoſe unfortunate little creatures, whoſe miſerable lot it has been heretofore to climb chimnies, may now be employed as aſſiſtants for theſe purpoſes, who, as they grow older, will become capable of working the machines themſelves; and, inſtead of being turned off without any employment when their apprenticeſhip is over, they may continue with their maſters as uſeful hands. It appears from experience that about ninety-nine chimnies out of an hundred may be cleanſed by this machine occaſionally uſing bruſhes of different ſizes and forms as circumſtances may require; and the remaining few can probably be cleanſed by ſome of the following means, either 1ſt. by having a fixed apparatus at the top, with a chain deſcending down the flue, and a bruſh faſtened to it, for which contrivance one or more patents have been enrolled.—2d. By drawing up and down a rope, and bruſh, one perſon being on the top and the other in the room below, as practiſed in Edinburgh and many other places.—3d. By firing the ſoot, and burning it out, as is frequently done in Yorkſhire.—4th. By taking out a brick or tile, in the manner now practiſed for cleanſing hot-houſes and other flues.

In order that all new-built chimnies may be ſwept with machines of this kind, it will be neceſſary to pay ſome attention to the conſtruction of them. The committee of the 'ſociety for ſuperſeding the neceſſity of climbing boys, by encouraging a new method of ſweeping chimnies, and for improving the condition of children and others employed by chimney-ſweepers,' have received the pleaſing intelligence that mr. W. F. Pocock has, in an houſe built under his direction, near Markhouſe, Walthamſtow, purpoſely had the chimnies ſo conſtructed, that they might be eaſily and effectually cleanſed by machines; in conſequence of which they paſſed a vote of thanks to mr. Pocock, and recommended to architects and others concerned in building, to adopt ſuch meaſures as they might judge expedient, for the like purpoſe. The mode adopted in the above mentioned houſe was, that of making the ſhape of the flues ſquare inſtead of a parallelogram, with long ſweeps at the elbows; had it not been for the encreaſed expence, a circular form would have been preferable.

A very material purpoſe, which was not originally looked to, has been anſwered by the invention of this machine, that of extinguiſhing chimnies when on fire; and in conſideration of this uſe, the royal exchange aſſurance company have purchaſed one of them with the intention of having their firemen taught the method of uſing it. Five inſtances have already occurred, where the fire has been put out by this machine; three in Camden-town, one near

near Weſtminſter-bridge, and one at Walthamſtow. If theſe machines were more common, no doubt many more inſtances of their uſefulneſs for this purpoſe would have happened. It may not perhaps, be generally known, that (by act 28 Geo. III. cap. 48) maſters or miſtreſſes who ſhall require or force their apprentice or climbing boys to climb or go up a chimney, which ſhall be actually on fire; or make uſe of any violent or improper means for that purpoſe; or if any perſon by their direction do ſo, are liable to a penalty of from five to ten pounds.

The ſociety have lately voted mr. Smart a premium for the invention of his machine, it having been uſed for more than ſix months paſt, ſucceſsfully, agreeably to one of their reſolutions at their firſt eſtabliſhment.

Machines with rods for chimnies eighty feet high, and apparatus complete, are made and ſold at mr. Smart's manufactory, near Weſtminſter-bridge, price four pounds.*

The following extract from mr. Porter's 'Conſideration on the preſent State of Chimney-ſweepers,' may convince thoſe perſons (if any ſuch there be) who are ignorant of the miſerable condition of a climbing-boy, that his ſtate is truly deplorable. The author was in his youth himſelf a climbing-boy, afterwards became a maſter chimney-ſweeper, and was remarkable for his attention to his apprentices.—'Some old men of the trade ſay, that the firſt climbing chimney ſweeper was an intimate of Henry Jenkins, ſo memorable for longevity. Though climbing chimneys may not be an ancient diſcovery, it is not ſo modern that we can trace its original; but, from its nature, it was the deſperate expedient of a criminal, or the laſt reſource of ſome poor negro to prolong a miſerable life. I know from experience that no employment is more laborious than climbing chimnies. From what I have ſtated, the chimney-ſweeper's miſery, during his apprenticeſhip, is evident; nor does it find a period here; for the concluſion of one ſcene of wretchedneſs is with him the beginning of another, if poſſible, more deplorable, but leſs pitied. In his childhood he might ſuffer from the nature of his buſineſs and the inhumanity of his maſter; yet at the time every hand was ready to relieve his wants; but, arrived to maturity, he no longer appears the friendleſs orphan or the child of ſorrow. He has learnt a trade he can no longer work at. Nature's bounty, a bleſſing to all other young people (as it fits them for their different employments, by giving bulk and ſtrength to the animal frame), is to him, in reſpect to his trade, but of little advantage; none but ſmall boys can ſweep chimnies in London, or any other large places in England. He is ſixteen years of age, and thrown upon his own hands and the public; he has no friends that can help him in the world, or they would probably have diſpoſed of him differently; weak, and ſtinted in his growth by his profeſſion, he is incapable of any employment which requires ſtrength; he is, upon the whole, too old and too large to ſweep chimnies, and too young and too little for any thing elſe but a ſecond apprenticeſhip.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE, till latterly, diſcredited the Millennium of mr. Dobbs *in toto*, as not being very conſonant with my ideas on the revelations. However, I find in part my unbelief to be perfectly erroneous, and not aſhamed (like ſome I know) of owning my faults; and I write this to you, ſir, in hopes that my confeſſion will have a ſimilar effect upon others.

The part of the Millennium to which I allude, is that portion of it, where the author inſinuates his belief of the abſolute liberation of The Devil! on the world, and that he is at this moment playing

NOTE.

* *A number of perſons through England have already undertaken to ſweep chimnies, with machines; moſt of them ſee mr. Smart's, with which they have been ſupplied by the ſociety.*

playing his pranks amongſt us. On this point, I can aſſure you, mr. editor, I have been a moſt ſhameful infidel, till within two or three months ſince, when his infernal majeſty commenced *author*.—Yes, mr. editor, you may ſtare at me; but I declare to you, on the word of a ſincere convert, he has not only been let looſe on the world, but he has alſo turned author; and not ſimply ſo, but the verieſt lecturer on 'rap halfpence.' 'dunghills,' and 'theatrical' exhibitions that ever penned an epiſtle:—nay, ſir, not ſatisfied with being himſelf a writer, he has thought proper to encourage a legion of *infernal imps* to torment us, and *once* every month they give us a ſpecimen of their humour and abhorrence of 'lamp-lighters,' 'mud,' &c. &c. to the annoyance of the whole town; and probably it will eventually turn out to our diſadvantage; for if by any unfortunate hazard it ſhould be ſtated to any of the members of the imperial parliament, that the devil (who you know is the '*father of lies*') reprobates the filth and naſtineſs of our ſtreets, the ſtate of our coinage, and our lamps, muſt he not naturally conjecture, (from the quarter from which the ſtatement is derived) without further examination, that our city is the *beſt ſupplied with coin, the beſt paved* and *lighted* of *any metropolis in Europe:* ſo that you muſt be ſatisfied that we ſhall be ſubject to many inconveniencies and privations, if there is not ſome ſtop put to them, and that ſpeedily too.

Be ſo kind, therefore, to the public, as to endeavour, if poſſible, to ſilence their noiſe and nonſenſe. I would not object to their taking upon them to ſweep thoſe ſtreets, and to light thoſe lamps, whoſe dirt and dimneſs they deplore ſo much; nay, I would allow them to ſhift the ſcenes, trim the lights in the theatre, and ſometimes, on occaſion, they might enact the *brimſtone;* but that they ſhould turn authors is really more than can be patiently borne by your humble ſervant, and well-wiſher,

ANTI-MAMMON.

Angel-alley, Jan. 8, 1805.

For Walker's Hibernian Magazine.

Detached Thoughts.

THE nearer we arrive to human perfection, the more allowances we make for the frailties of others.

I muſt confeſs, that it would be my wiſh to ſee the clergy not engaged in ſecular concerns; their high calling is ſo much above terreſtrial objects, that it would be my pride to ſee thoſe reverend characters feel their ſpiritual importance, and of courſe exert their zeal for the intereſts of the poor, (ſo much deſpiſed by the men of the world), and eagerneſs to enforce by example as well as precept, the doctrines of chriſtianity, which would add a real dignity to their profeſſion—this they cannot do, when other objects engage their attention.

Great cities are in general ſuppoſed to be more favourable to vice than villages; but I am apt to imagine the ſmalleſt villages contain in proportion two fold propenſity for vicious habits. I will aſk thoſe acquainted with both, can there be more pride exhibited in a city, than in a paltry little town, more drunkenneſs, debauchery, or exceſs, irreligion, blaſphemy, ſlander, or any other vice? I will grant they may not be ſo luxurious as in cities, but it is to be feared, inability not want of inclination prevents that refinement in vice which modern infidelity is ſo ſtudious to cultivate.

How ridiculous it is in old women ſtriving to appear young, and in vain endeavouring to repair by art, the ravages of time, who marks his object in characters not eaſily effaced. The miſchief occaſioned by this folly is a total neglect of the beauties of the mind; one would think a long reſidence in the world would be a complete cure for vanity, but when we ſee decrepid old age hurrying more rapidly to the ſhrine of faſhion, and bowing down to the capricious, whimſical goddeſs, with more devotion than youth, we muſt lament the inconſiſtency of conduct which one day offered in two many inſtances, and in this particular againſt reaſon and common ſenſe.

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The Romance of the Pyrenees. By a Lady. (Continued from page 737, December Magazine, for 1804.)

CHAP. IX.

'*I THINK* I have already told you it was near nineteen years since I was brought hither. Well then, donna, the morning after my arrival here, the most lovely boy that my eyes ever beheld, of between two and three years old, was delivered to my care by Francisco, with a strict charge about doing my duty; which I could not attend to, my mind being in such a state of distraction, as you can very well suppose from what your feelings now are. However, the charge, had I listened to it, would have been unnecessary; for the child's beauty, sweet engaging prattle, and heavenly disposition, I do verily believe bewitched me; for he reconciled me to my sad fate. I loved him with a tenderness far beyond what I ever felt for my own child, or my grandchildren; and I proved a good, faithful, and affectionate nurse to him. But dear me! I had little to do for him to whom nature had been so kind. His beauty and understanding were astonishingly great, and his constitution and temper as fine as mortal could boast. When he attained his sixth year, signior Sebastian was taken out of one of the castle dungeons and given the care of the sweet child's education; and he was fully equal to the task of rearing so great a genius, for he is deeply skilled in science. He tenderly loved the dear child, both for his own sake, and for being the means, under heaven, of having his fetters knocked off, and removing him from a noisome dungeon, to view again the blessed sun; and my dear child loved him because he made him wise. Good, signior Sebastian did not make him; for good he was sent into this world, and good he was sent out of it.'

'Alas; then he is really dead?' exclaimed Victoria.

Teresa wept assent, and Victoria felt herself much affected. At length Teresa proceeded: 'As my child advanced in years he was less with me, and more with signior Sebastian: but his grateful affectionate heart never forgot me;—and can I him?—No, never, never. Poor Iago adored him. Diego was his fag and playmate, and perfectly idolised him; but so did every one that had a spark of virtue in them; even don Manuel loved him once, and then used to look upon him with admiration and delight, until the lady whom he had so tenderly loved would come into his mind: and then he would send the child out of his sight, and be so dejected, and so restless and wretched, that even those he had injured must have pitied him. I suppose he used to think, that if that lady had been his wife, he might have had such a son as Theod—as my child, and that then he would not have fallen into such a wicked way of life.

'Iago taught my child all he knew of music; that was not much; but a hint was sufficient for my boy; give him that, and he would soon find his way to perfection. Dancing was taught him by a French captive.—Fencing, beside every thing that could make a scholar of him, he learned from Sebastian, who gloried in the talents of his pupil. And well he might for he was—ah! how my heart sickens when I think of what he was little more than one year since!—so tall, so finely shaped, so beautiful in face and mind; so learned, so accomplished; so mild, and yet so spirited! Even Garcias trembled at his courage. Gentle as a lamb, playful as a fawn:—but I will not be tedious donna; although, were I to talk of his virtues for years, they would seem but as minutes to me, and I should still find something to praise him for.

'The fatal day on which I saw him last I had got a thorn in one of my fingers. Ah! I little thought how soon one would rankle in my heart. No one could take it out until my child hearing of it came to my relief: with his quick and penetrating eyes he instantly found it out, and soon extracted it, feeling more than I did in his apprehension of hurting his poor old nurse. O, donna, donna! had you

but beheld his heavenly countenance, illumined with pleasure at having effected my relief!—At the moment a band of diabolical savage ruffians, headed by the prince of mischief, Garcias, entered, seized my unsuspecting innocent child, unarmed as he was, and dragged him from my sight for ever. Alas! he had no weapon of defence, or it could not have happened. Feeble I, made strong by my affection, flew to his assistance. Vain effort! Garcias felled me to the ground, and never, never have I since beheld him, or heard the particulars of his cruel, cruel fate.—The barbarian Garcias told me, exultingly, that he was dead; and signior Sebastian's misery and anguish have but too sadly confirmed the fatal tidings. My despair, with Diego's and poor Iago's grief, gave much offence to my master, and we were commanded not to indulge it, or even to mention Thod—, my dear lamented child's name, upon pain of death. But what can the pain of death be to the pain of living as I have since done.'

'Alas!' said our heroine, infinitely affected by this artless tale, 'alas! with my whole heart I pity you. My own feelings, unacquainted as I was with this amiable, ill-fated youth, but too well tell me what yours and the good Sebastian's must be. But tell me what dæmon could have urged these diabolical fiends to the completion of such an execrable deed?'

'Garcias:—he it was that urged don Manuel to that fell crime.'

'Monster of iniquity! barbarian! devil! what could have been his diabolical motive?'

'Envy, hatred, and revenge. My child abhorred the vices of Garcias; and, despising him so entirely, could scarcely command the natural sweetness of his manners to wear the appearance of common civility to him. This made Garcias hate him: his virtues caused the wretch's envy; and, lastly my child's courage and humanity awakened his deadly vengeance. There is amongst don Manuel's seamen an English mariner, named Thomas, as much a ruffian in appearance as the rest, but not in nature. To every child, woman, or old man, Thomas is ever kind and gentle; but when fighting with those of equal or superior strength, he is a very tiger. To my child, old Iago, and myself, Thomas was ever a willing slave. Many and many are the acts of kindness he has done for us all, and many a lashing has he saved poor Iago from, by turning the anger of don Manuel and Garcias upon himself.—Well, donna, Thomas would swear away, and do all the good he could find to do in this den of wickedness, and was ever grateful for any kindness he received; and once, donna, he brought upon himself the great displeasure of Garcias, by rescuing a woman and her infant from being butchered by him, who had poor Thomas chained for it to the ground of a damp noisome dungeon, where he allowed not one morsel of nourishment to reach him; so that the unfortunate creature was starving to death, when my sweet, tender-hearted, grateful child heard of it, who, from the humanity and generous warmth of his heart and temper, eager to save a fellow-creature from such a cruel fate, imprudently, without the precaution of taking signior Sebastian with him, flew to Garcias to expostulate upon his savage barbarity. Garcias answered by attempting to stab the sweet pleader with a poisoned stiletto, which the wretch has always concealed about him, but which my child dexterously wrested from the villain, who, outrageous at his disappointment, snatched a pistol from the belt of Alonzo, who just then entered.—This pistol, directed by heaven, flashed in the pan. The sly lover of mischief, Alonzo, presented Garcias with its fellow, which my intrepid child made himself master of; and, as to save a life, not sacrifice, one was his aim, he imprudently fired it in the air. Frantic with his three disappointments Garcias fiercely drew his hanger, and flew on my innocent child; and so unprovoked, did that dastard Alonzo who hated him for his virtues. My hero now unsheathed his sword in h

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own defence, and in a few moments, aided by Providence, disarmed them both. Alonzo, quite in character, ran away; and Garcias, the giant Garcias, prostrate on the ground, begged for mercy from the arm of youth: and mercy my child told him he should have, on condition only of his delivering up Thomas into his hands. At this moment don Manuel, who had been a concealed spectator of the affray, made his appearance, and, with a sneer, congratulated Garcias upon his prowess; then told my child he had nobly won Thomas, who was therefore at his disposal; and highly complimented him upon his valour; whilst Garcias slunk away boiling with revenge, which he found the fatal time to take.'

'Dear, amiable, ill-fated youth! exclaimed Victoria, 'what a glorious ornament has the world lost in him!' For some moments she now paused, extremely affected; and at length inquired 'What became of Thomas?'

'He was then my child's,' replied Teresa, 'who did not leave him, as I now have done, in the cold dungeon. O, no! on wings of compassion he fled to strike off his fetters, and, with Diego's assistance, carried the almost-expiring wretch to his own bed, where he watched by him for several days and nights with the most anxious care, as if Thomas had been the prop of his own life; and with his own dear hands (and beautiful ones they were) he fed him. Iago and myself made his kitchen physic; our best surgeon, Pedro, his medicinal. Among us we set him up again. We were happy, and Thomas truly grateful. Ah! poor Thomas! the moment he heard his darling's fate, he flew like a madman (as he then was) upon Garcias, and would certainly have killed him, had he not been prevented by superior force: however, he gave him several desperate wounds, and one you may have remarked on his cheek, which will mark him for ever. Thomas was of too much consequence to don Manuel to be put to death; so they pretend to think him mad, and treated him accordingly, until about a month ago, when he was released from his confinement and sent out on a cruise.' Teresa now ceased, and Victoria asked if she could at all conjecture to whom her lamented child belonged.

'I know no more than you do, donna; although I saw his mother once.'

'Indeed! When? Where? Tell me, tell me, dear Teresa!'

'In this very den of wickedness: and, although it was many years ago, I remember the day well. One morning, Francisco came to me in great agitation, and desired me to take the child into the library. I did so; and, to my utter amazement here saw a strange lady and gentleman, who both seemed much agitated, as well as Francisco, who was pale as death, and trembled excessively.

'Is this my child!' said the lady.

'It is,' was Francisco's reply.

'She took him in her arms, and kissed him eagerly. 'He is an angel,' said she; then pushed him gently from her bosom, for the convenience of looking more earnestly upon his face; in doing which, she became so deadly pale and faint, that the gentleman was alarmed, and asked her what was the matter? To which she faintly replied, 'Can you ask?—Do you not see whose countenance he wears?' The gentleman, evidently terrified, spoke to her in a low voice; and Francisco, who I observed now look paler than before, and as much agitated as the lady, bade me leave the room; and when the child wanted me I should be called.

'Dear me! how sad my heart grew, I feared they were come to take away my child, and that I should see them no more. Iago told me there was some mystery about them which he did not like. They were not come as captives, and that there had been a long conference between the gentleman and Garcias, and between the lady and Francisco, before the child had been called for.

'After dinner, to my great joy, I was summoned into the parlour to pacify

cify the child, who was crying for me. Don Manuel, Garcias, and the gentleman, were in earneſt converſation when I appeared. The lady called me to her, and aſked me a thouſand queſtions concerning her child, and offered me a heavy purſe, which I refuſed, telling her I had no way of ſpending money, as every thing I wanted was regularly provided for me; but that, if ſhe wiſhed to bind me to her child for ever, ſhe would have the goodneſs to ſend a triſle to my poor family, and let them know I was living, well, and in want of nothing but to ſee them. Deep as Garcias was in diſcourſe, he heard me, and darted a look at me that turned my blood to ice. The lady perfectly underſtood his glance and kindly pleaded in my excuſe; and ſaid, if they would allow her to grant my requeſt, ſhe would pledge her life to manage ſo as to preclude the poſſibility of any bad conſequence ariſing. Garcias was rudely inflexible, until don Manuel interfered, who humanely ordered my requeſt to be granted, and politely complimented the lady upon proofs ſhe had already given of a prudence and ſkill in management on which he was content to riſk his ſafety.

'I was very grateful for this: and the lady took down my family's name and abode, and promiſed to allow them twenty crowns a-year during my life as a recompenſe for my care of her child. After that ſhe again talked of the child, and ſaid it would break her heart to part with him, and that ſhe wiſhed to take the ſweet engaging prattler with her. It was now the gentleman's turn to be quick of hearing for he immediately exclaimed, 'How could ſuch an abſurd wiſh enter your mind? You too well know the impoſſibility of ſuch a thing.'

'Nay,' ſhe replied, while fire flaſhed from her eyes, 'although I too well know my wiſh cannot be gratified, it was natural that I ſhould form it; nor did it merit your diſpleaſure, my lord: but, to be ſure, you who know not what *parental feelings* are cannot excuſe in me the weakneſs of a mother.'

'O!' replied the gentleman, with a ſpiteful ſneer, 'I ſhall not pretend to diſpute upon the ſubject of feeling with one that has evinced ſuch *exquiſite ſenſibility*, who has given *ſuch* proofs of *filial tenderneſs*.'

'The lady only anſwered with a look of ſcorn, though ſhe ſeemed full well to comprehend his meaning; for ſhe turned deadly pale, and ſhook as if ſhe had ſeen a ſpectre. By this time the child had fallen aſleep, and I was ordered to take him to the nurſery, where I now went with a light heart, as I was now aſſured he was not to be taken from me; and another thing that gave me great pleaſure was, my being convinced, by what the lady ſaid about parental feelings, that this was not the father of Theodore, though he certainly appeared to be the lady's huſband.'

'Nay, Tereſa,' ſaid Victoria, 'did you not comprehend her ſpeech as a ſarcaſm upon this unnatural father's want of parental feeling?'

'Oh, dear donna, do not grieve my heart by ſuch a ſuppoſition; for it is natural that we ſhould be grieved at any one we loved ſpringing from a bad parentage: and though this gentleman was certainly a very fine handſome man, his countenance evidently betrayed the ſecrets of a bad heart.'

'I may be wrong. Proceed, dear Tereſa.'

'In about two hours after I had taken the child to the nurſery, his mother entered with Franciſco. She was in tears, and came to take leave of her boy, who ſtill was faſt aſleep. She would not let me awake him; but ſhe wept ſo over him, and preſſed him ſo tenderly to her boſom, that I wonder ſhe did not diſturb him. At laſt, the gentleman, with don Manuel and Garcias, came into the room. The gentleman told the lady ſhe muſt go that moment. She begged for half an hour longer. The gentleman refuſed, and ſhe was very angry; when, without further ceremony, theſe three hard-hearted men, dragged her forcibly from her child, and I never ſaw her more; and worſe, ſhe was never, I fear, heard of ſince.'

'Holy

'Holy Virgin!' exclaimed Victoria, ſhuddering: 'ſurely they did not murder her?'

'Alas! there was little doubt of that; for poor Iago ſaw them drag her into that dreadful chamber where the ſkeleton hangs at the door, and ſaw the three ruffians return in about an hour, but the lady never. He heard her ſhrieks too, very loud at firſt, when they dragged her in; but they became fainter, and at laſt ſuddenly ceaſed after a dreadful groan.'

'Ill-fated woman!' ſighed Victoria.

'Ill-fated, indeed: for ſure I am her corſe had not Chriſtian burial, although I know not what they did with it; for, donna, becauſe ſhe was my child's mother (and I then had a good ſtock of ſpirits), I had the courage to venture into that room to look after the body; when, oh! ſan Jago! ſhall I ever forget what there I ſaw? But I muſt not dare not tell you, ſince it would make you more afraid here than you are. So terrified was I by what I ſaw that I fell into a ſwoon, in which don Manuel himſelf found me, and brought me out of that dreadful place; and I believe the thorough fright I got ſaved my life; for when Garcias wanted that I ſhould receive the puniſhment due for my raſhneſs, don Manuel ſaid I had ſuffered ſufficiently.'

'But did you make any diſcovery relative to the object you ſought?'

'Oh, no: I ſuppoſed they diſpoſed of the body before I ſought after it. Dear, dear! what hearts muſt they have had to mangle ſuch a beautiful creature!'

'She was very beautiful then?'

'The moſt perfect beauty my eyes ever beheld, until I ſaw you, donna; yet you are very unlike, except in air, which ſeems to proclaim in you, as well as in her, that you are of noble birth. She then appeared to be full fifteen years older than you now are, and her manner ſeemed to tell that hers was a daring and proud ſpirit. There was ſomething ſo grand in her look and in every movement, that ſhe appeared as if born to command the whole world. Her face, though perfect in beauty, you could find no great pleaſure in looking at, for it more ſurpriſed than charmed; while the longer I look at you the more I wiſh to look: and juſt ſo it was with my child; for your eyes and ſmile are continually reminding Diego and me of him; for, like you, when he raiſed his eyes, it was as it were on purpoſe to delight every beholder; and when he ſmiled we ſaw how beauty and goodneſs improved each other's ſweetneſs. Your ſmiles, to be ſure, have all been ſad ſince here you have been, while my child's were generally the reverſe: and yet they have the ſame effect, and find their way with equal ſpeed to the heart. But there was ſomething about my child's mother, even when ſmiling the moſt condeſcendingly, that overawed and made one tremble. Her complexion was very fine, and her eyes, I believe, were black, for her eye-brows were like jet; but every time ſhe moved them, ſuch flames, like lightning, ſhot from them, that I feared to look at them.'

'It ſeems to me,' ſaid our heroine, after a thoughtful pauſe, 'a very extraordinary inconſiſtency, this youth's being left to the ſociety of ſuch abandoned wretches as don Manuel, Garcias, and Alonzo; at the ſame time that a man of worth and honour was given the care of his education, and a woman of virtuous principles ſelected to attend him, at that period of his life when precepts and impreſſions are likely to take a deep and laſting root?'

'He was not left to the ſociety of don Manuel and his profligate companions, donna. It was very evident that every proper care had been taken of him before he fell to my charge, but by whom I know not; for I believe we were both brought hither about the ſame time, as he ſpoke a language at firſt which I did not underſtand, which Thomas told me was Engliſh. He next fell to my care, and was then always with me in the nurſery, which is a room quite ſepa-

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rate from the other inhabited apartments, or in the private gardens belonging to the caſtle. It was in my power to teach him all that was neceſſary for ſuch an infant to know, becauſe I was ſo fortunate as to have had an education far above my ſituation in life. My father was a very poor goat-herd in Arragon; and, from the circumſtance of my being deformed, the great lady of our village took compaſſion on me, and ſent me to a neighbouring convent to be educated, that my mind might give me comforts which my appearance deprived me of. It was my benefactreſs's intention, I believe, that I ſhould continue in the convent: but, alas! ſhe ſuddenly died; and, having made no proviſion for me, I was ſent back to my parents, richer by the inſtructions four years' reſidence at the convent had made me than when I left them.

'It was my father's wiſh that I ſhould wed the young man who aſſiſted him in the care of our flocks. My huſband, though very good, was very ignorant; but he was willing to learn: ſo I taught him to read and write, and indeed all the little knowledge I acquired at the convent. We had only one child, a girl; but ſhe, who married a neighbouring herdſman, having a large family, and little to maintain them, I thought it would be a good thing to ſet up a little day-ſchool, to teach the ignorant and idle children in the village to read, write, and work. I did ſo:—it ſucceeded very well, and its profits made us very comfortable. So thus you ſee, donna, I was in the habit of teaching children; and as I learned every moral as well as chriſtian duty in the convent, I took delight in ſtrengthening them in the mind of my ſweet child, where, I do believe, even had he been left to himſelf, they would have ſprung ſpontaneouſly.

'When he attained his ſixth year, he was committed to the care of ſignior Sebaſtian, and reſided wholly with him. This library, and thoſe adjoining rooms to which yonder door leads, were occupied by Sebaſtian and his pupil, and they had their meals conſtantly with Franciſco, who has apartments ſacred to him, contiguous ſignior Sebaſtian's; where not one don Manuel's aſſociates, or his deſtics, except Diego and the po old negro, were ever allowed to ente Even I, who uſed to attend upo my child ſo conſtantly in Sebaſtian apartments, was never in Franciſco's

'My child was permitted, as he a vanced in years, to play all over t grounds, and to go any where wi Iago or Diego; and when he gre up, he was allowed to ſtray where pleaſed, except into a few interdict apartments; but he never in his l eat a meal at don Manuel's tabl although don Manuel ſometimes din at Franciſco's.'

At this moment Victoria heard noiſe: haſtily ſhe ſtruck a falſe cho upon the harp; and, before ſhe cou recover her miſtake, to her utter d may Garcias ſtood before her.

(To be continued.)

The Monks and the Robbers; A Ta
(Continued from page 608, *Octob*
Magazine, for 1804.*)*

'*VERRUCI!*' it pronounce 'where thou wouldſt ruſh certain d ſtruction awaits thee. Forbear! fo bear! and quit thy preſent fearc As thou hopeſt to recover what th haſt ſo long been ſeeking, return fro whence thou cameſt. Thou haſt hear ſee now that thou obeyeſt this injun tion!' the dreadful figure ſaid; a immediately a number of voices fro either ſide, deep and hollow as its ow repeated its concluding ſentence; a the ſound, prolonged by the echoes the place, rolled upon the wind li the peals of diſtant thunder. T ſupernatural appearance then wav its arm, and marched majeſtically the door, which was now viſible the faint light that ſhot acroſs t darkneſs of the place.

'Again it waved me forward; a 'Follow! follow!' repeated the voic I had heard before. The ſhado form glided into the chapel, and purſued its ſteps. It marched befo me, and ſilently conducted me ba

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the way I came. The distance was but trifling, and I soon found myself at the bottom of the winding declivity, at the top of which I had left my attendants. Here the phantom made a halt, and, slowly raising its arm towards me, murmured 'We meet again—Farewell, farewell! and, pointing to the declivity, it vanished from my sight.'

'"Tis a strange affair, my lord,' said the priest, when the count finished his tale, and had spoken of the grievous consternation the fellow he had left to guard the dell had been thrown into (as related in a foregoing chapter) by an appearance exactly similar to that which he himself had seen;—"Tis a strange affair—one would be apt to suspect it some device of the robbers to scare you from their lurking-place; and that we know it cannot be, for, independent of other considerations, which render it very unlikely that the banditti should ever think, or be able if they thought, to execute such a device so well, you recognized the features of its face?'

'Aye, father, and it was in every respect the express likeness of my unfortunate friend Morena,—him of whom I have so often told you that he was way-laid about twenty years ago, and, with most of those who were with him, inhumanly murdered. I saw him as plain as I see you, and the sight has made an impression on me not easily to be shaken off. You know, father, I have never had faith in supernatural agency; but what I have this night seen, it may easily be imagined, must force belief upon me, in spite of every effort; it certainly does, at least, shake the incredulity I have hitherto maintained in that respect.'

'It must, my lord; and you have no defence, no refuge, against the gloomy terrors which attend such belief, but in that Omnipotent Being who disposes of every thing for the best and wisest of purposes, and who has perhaps ordained these matters, and for reasons which we short-sighted mortals cannot fathom.'

'True, father; but it is the information, I last received respecting my son, that on this occasion gives me most disturbance. I have been in many imminent dangers ere now, but I would freely take my chance again in any of them rather than endure the state of anxiety and suspense this matter has brought upon me; and if at last my hopes should be disappointed——'

'Think not so, my lord; remember the injunction and the promise of last night.'

'They have made too deep an impression on me easily to be forgotten; but I hesitate to believe that my son can be still alive, can have been preserved from the dagger of that pitiless villain Montrifi. Yet, 'tis true, I gathered from the men who escaped from his bravoes, when they surrounded and assassinated Morena, that one of my domestics who had that day accompanied my friend suddenly seized the child, as one of the ruffians was about to plunge his stiletto into his bosom, and, rushing into the thickest part of the forest, was out of sight in a moment. Some of the murderers pursued him, but whether he was overtaken or not, I could never learn. I have never seen or heard of him since; nor could I, by the most diligent search I could make, discover what had become either of him or of the infant. This, as you well know, good father, has been to me for years a source of much unhappiness.'

'But now, my lord, though you know neither the time nor the manner, you may surely indulge well-grounded hopes that this mysterious affair will soon be developed.'

'Would it were! In the mean time I shall endeavour to obey the phantom's injunction, and rest in silence and in hope till that time comes.'

Here the subject dropped, and soon after they separated.

Some time now elapsed, and the count's mysterious adventure in the forest was not elucidated. Day after day passed on, but still the promise of the spectre remained unperformed;

and

and all the hopes which that promiſe, unſatisfactory and indeterminate as it was, had produced, were diſſipated, and ſucceeded by deſpair and diſappointment. More than once during this period, the count was tempted to return to the rocks where he firſt encountered the ſpirit, with the view, if it ſhould again appear to him, of demanding further information reſpecting his long-loſt ſon; but his recollection of what he ſuffered on that night, and his inability as yet to fortify his mind, ſo recently driven, by occular demonſtration, from the moſt abſolute diſbelief to conviction, againſt the horrors which, in the execution of this purpoſe, he expected again to encounter, conſpired, with his doubts of his viſit anſwering the end he propoſed, to prevent him from coming to any reſolution on that ſubject. But an event which ſoon after happened, by giving him ſome hopes of being relieved from the anxiety and diſtreſs which had hitherto preyed on his thoughts, put an end at once to his indeciſion; though not to the ſuperſtitious awe which, in ſpite of every effort, ſtole upon him at the mention of returning to the place where he firſt became ſenſible of its power over himſelf.

The event from which thoſe hopes aroſe, and by means of which he expected ultimately to derive important aſſiſtance in the recovery of his ſon, was the unexpected re-appearance of the ſignor Rudolpho, he who ſo ſuddenly and ſo ſtrangely had vaniſhed while purſuing the banditti through the caverns of the dell, and whom the count had given up as for ever loſt.

(To be continued.)

Pariſian Faſhions.

THE colours white, yellow, and lilac, are ſtill in ſome vogue; but the moſt prevailing colour is carmelite: the ribands are carmelite: we have *toques* of carmelite velvet and taffety, and even crape robes of this colour: the latter are trimmed with a white ſatin riband ſewed flat, if it be worked, or if it be plain folded *en guele de loup*. Shoes of Carmelite ſatin are alſo worn. For ſome days paſt a number of velvet *toques*, either black, carmelite, or *ceriſe*, with two white feathers nodding in front, have made their appearance. The hats, in general, have narrow rims; but the capotes, whether made of ſilk or ſtraw, have in front a great projection. Hats of kerſeymire or fine cloth are often worn. The flower called hortenſia is ſtill in vogue. With reſpect to other flowers, as few are now in ſeaſon, thoſe of ſummer are reſumed, and eſpecially roſes. Coral necklaces and bracelets are worn, and ſtrings of white pearls are ſtill much in faſhion.

For undreſs, robes of black crape are much worn; the white ceriſe or amaranth robes of crape are ornamented with ſmall cloſe ſatin ſpots, and a narrow border of ſilver riband worked.

The full dreſs, is elegant and faſhionable, viz. head-dreſs *en nattes*, with a diadem and gold comb placed on the back of the head; pearl necklace; muſlin robe embroidered with ſmall flowers, with a narrow border at bottom; ſhort and wide ſleeves; long gloves; blue caſhmire ſhawl; roſe coloured ſhoes.

London Faſhions.—Morning Dreſſes.

MADE of white cambrick muſlin, with borders of worked muſlin let in round the bottom, with collars and long ſleeves, are very faſhionable. Corded muſlins are likewiſe much worn; they are very pretty, aud likely to become general from the eaſy manner in which they fall to the form.

Bonnets of ſtraw, puce or maroon colour velvets, are much worn. The large Spaniſh black beaver hat, with a feather placed horizontally in front, has been lately introduced by the ducheſs of St. Alban's, and ſeveral other daſhers of ton, with very becoming effect.

Velvet peliſſes of Egyptian brown puce, or maroon colour, with lace let in all around and finiſhed with quilted collars, are likely to become univerſal.

Evening

Evening Dreſſes.—The moſt faſhionable evening dreſſes for the winter will be plain muſlin ſhort dreſſes, worked with a rich border in tambour; the train-petticoat *en ſuit.*

In fancy dreſſes, coloured muſlins, embroidered with either gold or ſilver, promiſe, from the patronage they have met with, to become general.

Imperial nets, a dreſs compoſed of ſilk, has been ſeen and much admired for its elegance and ſimplicity. It is likely to have a great run; they are richly trimmed with lace, and ornamented with lace ſleeves: the neck is alſo trimmed with lace.

Head Dreſſes.—The Egyptian will preſide over the Grecian, although the latter is decidedly the favourite. Artificial flowers are coming more into vogue than ever, among thoſe ladies who do not enter into all the extremes of faſhion. With either the Egyptian or Grecian heads, pearl or gold ornaments will be much uſed; but the former is likely to be the moſt prevailing.

Fancy hats of ſatin or velvet, made in the Spaniſh ſtyle, richly ornamented with ſilver ſpangles or bugles, with three oſtrich feathers, were introduced for the firſt time in public at the opera-houſe lately.———The colours of theſe hats were the Egyptian brown, maroon, and puce. The firſt was moſt admired and had a ſtrikingly beautiful effect from the addition of three uncommonly large white oſtrich feathers.

General Obſervations.— The ſuperb black velvet dreſſes ſo much worn and admired during the laſt ſeaſon will be exploded this, to give place to habiliments leſs ſombre in appearance.—Dreſs, it is expected, will be more ſtudied this ſeaſon than it has been for many preceding ones. The new year will produce a great variety of elegant faſhions, all original; to fabricate which, the moſt taſteful hands have been conſtantly employed for ſeveral months.

Every new dreſs will bear the name of ſome diſtinguiſhed perſonage. The duchеſs of Roxburgh, marchioneſs of Hertford, lady Caſtlereagh, and lady Villiers, are among the number of beautiful females who will ſet the faſhions for the ſeaſon.

The prevailing colours are purple, puce, green and coquelicot. Velvet or beaver hats, made very large, with a long feather hanging on one ſide, are much worn; as are alſo long Spaniſh cloaks, of black velvet, trimmed all round with deep lace. Peliſſes, of ſilk or velvet, are univerſally worn; they are made long, and trimmed all round: ſome are made to faſten on the left ſide, with large oval and ſilk buttons, and faſtened with a gold claſp. In full dreſs, there has lately been very little variation. Dreſſes continue to be made ſhort-waiſted; the ſleeves full and ſhort.

An Evening's Walk in December.

'*HAIL* eldeſt of the monthly train,
Sire of the winter drear,
December! in whoſe iron reign
Expires the chequer'd year.' SMART.

THIS evening was ill calculated to gratify that mind which loves nothing in nature but the beautiful and the ſerene.—Eolus had unchained his ruffian winds, and ſent them forth to ravage creation.—

'Loud, and more loud, the blaſt of evening rav'd,
And ſtript the oaks of their laſt lingering leaves.' Miſs SEWARD.

In vain the eye roved in queſt of the daiſy-ſpeckled green, and flower-fringed walk: in vain the ear liſtened for the melody of the linnet, or the thrills of the nightingale: Nature, like a diſconſolate widow, with tearful eyes, and gloomy countenance, was clad in univerſal mourning:—

'For, lo! with frowns o'ercaſt,
Stern Winter, freezing, lays her glories waſte.
Touch'd by his hand, the fleeting verdure o'er
Dank mildews withering taint the leafy ſtore,

Till, wand'ring thoughtful near the bowers o'erthrown,
The eye ſcarce marks where once their beauty ſhone.' OGILVIE.

Being at an adjacent village, I ſtept into the church-yard, to ſurvey the reſting-place of its departed inhabitants. I felt a ſolemn awe pervade my mind, while treading over the aſhes of my fellow-mortals. A few years back, many of the tenants of theſe tombs were animated with life, flushed with health, and, with anxious hearts, were planning ſchemes of future enjoyment; till death, an unexpected unwelcome viſitant, approached—down fell the air-built pile erected by Hope, and the golden viſion vaniſhed into 'thin air.'

'There terminates Ambition's airy ſchemes;
The ſyren Pleaſure there can charm no more;
There growling Avarice drops his golden dreams,
And life's fantaſtic trifles all are o'er.'

After reading the epitaphs, and heaving a ſigh over the grave of one I knew, I quitted the ſolemn ſcene, and purſued my walk; in the courſe of which, I paſſed a ſmall burial-ground, attached to a meeting-houſe, which my ſolitary muſe—

'Whom diſmal ſcenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the reign of night'

has deſcribed in verſe.—

'Draw near the hallow'd dome, my feet, and tread
This ſmall repoſitory of the dead;
And let ſoft nature's dew drops glitter here—
A ſiſter's aſhes claim a brother's tear.
Here may the ſoft ſuffuſion freely flow:
Here taſte my heart the luxury of woe!
Lamented ſhade! ere touched by Death's cold hand,
Thy genius made fair Flora's tribe expand;
For Nature taught thee in life's early hours
To ſketch her landſcapes, and to paint her flowers.
Lie ſtill, my beating heart, forget thy woes,
Turn where an infant relative repoſe,
Who made an early exit from this ſtage,
Nor felt the ſtorm that trouble riper age.
Thrice bleſt Lucinda, thy forgotten name
Stands in the records of eternal fame;
Thy gentle ſpirit joins the cherub throng,
Strikes the ſoft lute, and ſwells the choral ſong.
Tho' vet'ran ſaints (who vanquiſh'd ſin below)
May wear immortal trophies on their brow,
And boaſt in glory's realms a brighter feat,
Thy bliſs is endleſs, boundleſs, and complete.
Within that vault, yon monument beneath,
Claſp'd in the clay-cold arms of icy Death,
Sariſſa ſleeps, who in youth's joyous prime
Was ſummon'd from theſe anxious ſcenes of time:
Buoy'd up by hope, ſhe croſſed the gloomy wave
And landed on fair ſhores—beyond the grave.'

Author's manuſcript Poem.

Time has now rounded another year, and terminated my evening walks. What viciſſitudes of fortune have happened during a ſhort but eventful period! Many a head encircled with a ducal coronet has ceaſed to think, and many a breaſt emblazoned by a radiant ſtar has forbore to palpitate!

'Where are the actors of this laſt year's ſcene,
Their port ſo proud, their buſkin and their plume?
How many ſleep who kept the world awake
With luſtre and with noiſe!'

YOUNG.

May my heart be filled with gratitude to a kind Providence, that has ſpared me to finiſh my periodical trifles! in the courſe of which, if little has been found to improve the head, nothing I truſt will be met with that will corrupt the heart, for I am conſcious there is not a ſentence contained in them that will cauſe the virtuous ear to tingle, or raiſe a bluſh on the cheek of modeſty.

JOHN WEBB.

Hiſtorical Obſervations, on the Queſtion, whether the Widows of Hindooſtan ſtill continue the Cuſtom of burning themſelves on the Funereal Pile of their Huſbands. By A. Le Goux De Flaix, of the Aſiatic Society at Calcutta, &c.

MANY hiſtorians and travellers have preſented to the world details and obſervations more or leſs minute relative to this heroic ſacrifice; but they may be ſaid to contain little truth.

With regard to the cuſtom which occaſions the death of ſo many widows, I may ſafely affirm that it is now almoſt aboliſhed. The moguls, ſince the period of their founding a dynaſty upon the ruins of the throne of the Hindoo princes, have abſolutely forbidden thoſe dreadful ſacrifices; and from this epoch, which may be dated about the commencement of the eleventh century of the vulgar era, we ſhall not perhaps find one thouſand women who have fallen victims to that noble ſentiment; a ſentiment which, while I am far from approving, I cannot but admire. I may alſo add, that the Europeans, equally indignant at the cuſtom, have rigorouſly maintained the interdiction of it among the Mahommedan Moguls, in all the provinces of this vaſt empire which have fallen beneath their ſway. In fact, during twenty years which I paſſed in India, travelling from country to country, I never ſaw but *one* inſtance of the voluntary immolation of a widow; and I gladly atteſt this fact, which does ſo much honour to the laws of the Moguls, and to the philanthropic principles of Europeans.

I will endeavour to give a rapid ſketch of the ceremonies that accompany this awful ſacrifice, which was formerly ſo frequent, but is not enjoined by any poſitive law of *Brama*, as ſome authors have affirmed.

If a woman who is married to a Hindoo ſurvive her huſband, ſhe leads a life of total privacy and ſeclusion; for widowhood is regarded by this people as a peculiar affliction with which the Divinity viſits mankind. Widows live in perfect ſolitude, and are indeed almoſt abandoned by the world; they forego their uſual cuſtoms, muſt not interfere with any domeſtic concerns, renounce all pleaſures, and even deprive themſelves of their jewels in order to expiate the error of fate. To be happy with their huſbands in a future world, they muſt die with them in this. This dogma, which appears to us to be not only inhuman but atrocious, is founded, however, upon a juſt obſervation made by the ſage *Brama*, a Hindoo legiſlator, on the actions of the female ſex whom he wiſhed to regenerate. The views of this celebrated man (one of the greateſt legiſlators the world ever produced) were, however, rational and uſeful; but I will not ſpeak of them here, as it would only interrupt my narrative.

A young woman, wife of a *Braman* of *Monguer*, a city of Bengal ſituated on the Ganges, about nineteen or twenty years of age, and the mother of two children, loſt unexpectedly her huſband, who was ill only ſeven days. She belonged to the tribe of the *Babous*, the firſt of the caſt of the *Bramins* from whence the prieſts are derived. As ſoon as ſhe was informed by the phyſician that his recovery was hopeleſs, ſhe declared to her relations her intention of aſcending the funereal pile, and mingling her aſhes with his.

The father, in order to diſſuade *Viſſiacodi* (for that was her name) from her reſolve, employed at firſt every

means

means which affection could ſuggeſt to excite her feelings. He mentioned the love ſhe bore towards her children, then in their infancy; and how they would ſtand in need of her tenderneſs and care, her maternal care, which none could ſupply but herſelf.

Finding this of no avail, he had recourſe to the authority of the new laws, which by no means ſanctioned her immolation. 'With money,' replied this young woman, the model of conjugal virtue and affection, 'you can, I know, eaſily obtain the permiſſion which I entreat you to procure for me. I love my children, but I wiſh to mingle my aſhes with thoſe of their father, if he cannot be reſcued from death.' Saying this, ſhe would no longer liſten to her parent, nor to the workings of nature: unſhaken in her reſolve, ſhe returned to the chamber of *Dopouerans*, her huſband, and adminiſtered to all his wants. Theſe events all paſſed before my own obſervation. *Acananda-Babou*, father of the beautiful *Viſſiacodi*, heart-broken at her reſolution, yielded however, in ſpite of his feelings, to her entreaties. He ſet off for the reſidence of the Engliſh commander, to purchaſe the permiſſion for his daughter to finiſh her exiſtence; to ſacrifice herſelf upon the ſame pile where would be conſumed the inanimate remains of the man to whoſe deſtiny ſhe had united herſelf.

The peculiar cuſtoms of the Hindoos make them look upon a houſe as contaminated wherein any perſon has expired. The poor wretch, when the agonies of death come on, breathes his laſt on the banks of the Ganges, whither he is conveyed, and whoſe waters he touches with his hands. So, when *Dopouerans Babou* approached towards his end (the pains of which in this country are neither ſo long nor ſo acute as in ours, which may likewiſe be ſaid of thoſe of parturition), he was carried to the banks of the Ganges, a deified river, and which is hence called *the road to heaven*. Scarcely were the ablutions and ceremonies here performed which the antient religion of this people preſcribes, than *Dopouerans* ceaſed to breathe.

His young wife was too much and too deeply affected to be able to ſhed tears. *Viſſiacodi* returned home with her children, who were too young to feel in all its magnitude the loſs they had ſuſtained, and prepared herſelf for the ſacrifice ſhe had reſolved to make to the manes of her deceaſed huſband. Already ſhe anticipated the eternal felicity promiſed by their religion, as a reward to the pure and virtuous ſouls of thoſe wives, who, having fulfilled every duty here, magnanimouſly yield up their life on the ſame funereal pile which conſumes the aſhes of their deceaſed huſband. She preſſed fervently to her boſom her two children, pledges of ſincere love, and which, by a contradiction we in vain endeavour to account for, ſhe was about to abandon for ever, in oppoſition to the dictates of nature, and the moſt tender feelings of ſympathy.

She was ſtill holding them in her arms, when her father, *Acananda*, ſtood before her with a lighted lamp in his hands, that ſhe might perform the firſt ceremony of her ſacrifice. A widow, extinguiſhing the lamp herſelf, intimates that ſhe freely and willingly offers up her life. Who can deſcribe the dreadful ſituation of *Acananda-Babou* and of his friends, when they beheld the calm ſerenity with which *Viſſiacodi* extinguiſhed the lamp preſented to her by her father? Hardly had ſhe made this ſilent reply (for during it neither the father nor daughter could look at or ſpeak to each other), than ſhe left her children, and went to receive her relations, to weep with them a few moments. She ſoon quitted them with her accuſtomed tranquillity of mind, performed her ablution, and prepared with her own hands the parting meal, the laſt ſhe would ever partake with her family. Such a ſtrength of ſoul is neither frequently witneſſed nor eaſy to be imagined.

After the repaſt was finiſhed, and the preparations for the cavalcade and ceremonies arranged, the widow of

Dopouerans,

Dopouerans, clothed in white (the colour of mourning), and ornamented with all her jewels, as on the day of her marriage, left her houſe, holding her children by the hand, and accompanied by her own mother and the mother of her huſband. She led the way of this ſad and melancholy proceſſion; her deportment, the ſerenity of her countenance, and the tranquillity of her mind, would have induced an accidental ſpectator to regard this rather as a *fête*, than as a ceremony about to terminate with the moſt awful and lamentable cataſtrophe. She proceeded (followed by all her family, together with a crowd of attendants) towards the banks of the Ganges, where was erected the funereal pile. The cavalcade was preceded by a great number of muſicians, playing mournful airs upon their noiſy inſtruments.

Arrived at the ſpot, *Viſſiacodi* beheld the pile on which was already the corſe of *Dopouerans:* ſhe caſt an affectionate look towards her children, preſſed them cloſely to her boſom, gave them a parting kiſs, and then made a ſign for them to be taken away. Nature ſeemed to have reſumed her rights; but, alas! the impulſe was of ſhort duration.

She approached alone towards the pile, and walked three times round it, ſcattering flowers; and, having on each ſide of her her own mother and the mother of her huſband, ſhe entered the Ganges to perform her laſt expiatory ablution. She now threw off her white habiliments, and covered herſelf with a ſmall piece of grey ſilk, which is cuſtomary on theſe occaſions. Immediately afterwards, the two matrons left her, that they might not touch her, for that would be regarded as contamination. During the ablution, *Viſſiacodi* made an offering to the ſun, which is emblematic of the Divinity, of raw rice and flowers, three handfuls of which ſhe threw into the Ganges.

She then entered the river about knee deep, and uttered a ſhort prayer; ſhe took off her jewels, which ſhe gave to her relations and friends, throwing them to them one by one. She gave her amulet or *ingam* to her mother, to be by her preſerved for her daughter, the eldeſt of her two children. Breaking the chain which was ſuſpended round the neck, and to which was faſtened the conjugal jewel, ſhe threw it into the Ganges. A tradition of very high antiquity inculcates that this river, which in the mythology of the Hindoos is held in the ſame light as the Styx of the Greeks, alone ought to poſſeſs the conjugal jewel of the women. *Viſſiacodi* then took ſome mud, and mixed it with *tirnam*, a white duſt, with which the Hindoos anoint the forehead and breaſt immediately after ablution. This religious cuſtom is the extreme unction of the Braminical religion. It reminds man that he is but a maſs of duſt, and that to the ſame he muſt return.

During this ablution, ſhe recited a number of prayers, took ſome water in the palms of her hands, threw ſome drops about her, and ſwallowed ſome three times, as a ſign of the *Treytayen*, or three attributes of the Divinity.

Theſe laſt ceremonies being completed, *Viſſiacodi*, emerging from the river, approached with a lighted torch, to perform the ſecond trial, by burning part of the fingers of the right hand. During this cruel ceremony, the widow is entirely alone; ſhe is upheld only by her own courage and reſolution: no being dare approach her, no man dare touch her. A widow who cannot ſuſtain this trial, is denied the honour of mingling her aſhes with thoſe of her huſband. What reflections did this fact excite in me! This young and lovely woman ſuſtained the trial with ſo much intrepidity and firmneſs, that I hardly knew whether what I beheld was not an illuſion. The heroic fortitude of *Viſſiacodi* exceeded every thing which imagination and memory could enable me to bring before my mind of the grandeur of ſoul which the female ſex poſſeſſes.

This trial over, the laſt before the cataſtrophe,

cataſtrophe of this awful drama, *Viſſacodi* mounted the funereal pile by means of a footſtool which one of her friends placed for her. There, for the firſt time in her life, ſhe called her huſband by his name; for there was now no diſtinction of ſuperiority between them. The cuſtom of the Hindoos rigorouſly forbids the wife ever to pronounce the name of her huſband. Seating herſelf on the left ſide of the body, ſhe lifted up the head, and placed it upon her right arm, as if he were ſtill alive; then, with her other hand ſeizing the torch, ſhe herſelf lighted the funereal pile.

To accelerate the flames and augment the ſmoke, the aſſiſtants throwed on, without intermiſſion, oil and aromatic reſins. A number of men likewiſe, holding long and ſtrong bamboos in their hands, threw them on the body, legs, and neck, of the unfortunate victim, no doubt to diminiſh her ſufferings. During the whole of the ſcene, which laſted more than two hours, no ſign of pain, regret, or grief, appeared upon the countenance of the widow. Her eyes were ſometimes calmly turned towards, where ſhe thought, her children were: they were all that ſeemed to affect her.

The muſical inſtruments, which had ceaſed playing when the proceſſion arrived at the banks of the Ganges, now began again, but they were not ſo loud.

This hiſtorical relation is very different both as to the cauſe and circumſtances to what other authors before me have related. But I ſpeak only of what I ſaw: I did not wiſh to write a romance.

The Origin of New Year's Gifts.
(Called by the French Etrenne.)

THE Romans gave the name of *Strennæ* (new year's gifts) to ſome branches of trees cut in a wood, conſecrated to Strenua, goddeſs of ſtrength, and preſented them to Tatius, king of the Sabines. They extended afterwards, this name to all preſents which were made at the ſame time of the year. But it was the uſage to give new year's gifts before this epoch: in times very anterior, it was the cuſtom in France, and was practiſed in a manner which had much reſemblance to the mode adopted under the reign of Tatius, contemporary to Romulus.

The ſovereign pontiff of the Druids went, on particular days, into a foreſt conſecrated to the gods, with a golden axe; he there cut the Gui de l'an (miſletoe) and the inferior Druids diſtributed it afterwards to the people, in form of preſents, at the commencement of the year; from thence is derived, without doubt, the cuſtom to call Guilan all preſents which were made on the firſt day of the year in the country near Chartres; for it is well known, that the chief reſidence of the Druids was between Chartres and Dreux.

We learn from Julius Cæſar, that the Druids had a chief, whoſe authority was abſolute. After the death of the ſaid chief, the next in quality commonly ſucceeded, and, if many laid a claim, they had recourſe to election, and ſometimes it was decided by arms. Their place of aſſembling was near Chartres, which is the centre of France, in a place conſecrated and deſtined to this uſage, where alſo thoſe who had any law proceedings or diſputes, came from all parts, and ſubmitted to the deciſion of the Druids.

The origin of Etrenne was a ſpecies of religious inſtitution which the Latins adopted; and, as they had not a name in their language to expreſs it, they gave it one taken from the thing itſelf, in attributing to the goddeſs Strenua the right to preſide over the preſents. The Romans, ſubſequently, in imitating them, made ſome changes in the form and in the nature of the gifts. The lower order of the people gave commonly figs, dates, and honey, which they ſometimes ſent in a veſſel covered with a golden leaf. The cli-

ents,

ents, in their preſents to their patrons, added ſome ſmall pieces of coin.

The people, the knights, and the ſenate, gave Strennæ to Auguſtus, and which was, undoubtedly, of money, becauſe with it he bought the ſtatues with which he decorated the temples. In his abſence, the uſual preſents were carried to the capitol.

Tiberius, prodigal and magnificent in the beginning of his reign, diſtributed to his friends the fourth part of the gifts which the people had given him.

Caligula, whoſe greedineſs was as inſatiable as his cruelty, declared, by an edict, that he would receive gifts, and on the firſt of January, in the veſtibule of his palace, he waited for the money which was brought to him by citizens of every degree.

Claudius delivered the Romans from this tyrannic tribute; he forbid them to make him any more preſents; the people, however, never gave up the cuſtom of making new year's gifts, which the Greeks already had adopted under the ſame name.

In the early ages of the church, the chriſtian emperors received preſents, but the ceremonies being mixed with paganiſm, which accompanied them, obliged the councils and the fathers to proſcribe them.

The ſixth council, held 680, condemned the calends; it was from this that the Romans called the firſt day of every month, and from whence they named calends the feaſt which they celebrated the firſt day of the year: but ſince then, new year's gifts are become a ſign of friendſhip, or politeneſs, without any mixture of paganiſm; the church has ceaſed to proſcribe them, and the cuſtom is preſerved at this time.

The figs, dates, honey, or any other ſmall preſent which the Romans gave, alſo expreſſing wiſhes for a peaceable life, &c. have deſcended to us.

As for the reſt, we embrace as the Romans did, without having any affection, and we frequently offer up wiſhes for the good ſucceſs of another, when the heart does not participate in the leaſt with what has been uttered.

In the council of Trulla, held at Conſtantinople, 692, they forbad ſeveral ſuperſtitious or prophane practices, ſuch as diſtributing grapes offered at the altar, adorning the young women who conſecrated themſelves to God, with wordly habits and ornaments, offering milk and honey at the altar, dancing and making merry the firſt day of the year, kindling of fires before the houſes at new moon, baking cakes on the vigil of Chriſtmas, in honour of the virgin's lying in, preſenting boiled meats to the prieſts in the churches, &c.

From the moſt ancient period of the Roman hiſtory, the firſt day of the year, as well as the laſt, was conſecrated to Janus, who was repreſented with two faces, one of which regarded the paſt, and the other the future; alſo the firſt day of every month was in a like manner conſecrated to Juno, and finally to Strenua, who preſided over gifts. Thus the concurrence of theſe three feaſts, inſtituted in honour of three different divinities, gave place to ſacrifices, dances, and feſtivals, which often degenerated into orgies; beſides each had its particular ſuperſtition; ſome dreſſed themſelves in new garments; others worked, that they ſhould not be idle the remainder of the year; ſome expreſſed good wiſhes for each other; while ſome took care not to utter a word of a bad tendency: accordingly the people of Rome felt ſo much horror at the puniſhment of Sabinus, put to death on the firſt day of the year, by order of Tiberius, that they exclaimed, 'Quam enim diem vacuum poenâ, ubi inter ſacra et vota, quo tempore verbis etiam profanis abſtinere mos eſſet, vincta et laqueus indicantur.'

'What day is free from puniſhments, when amidſt ſacrifices and ſupplications, at a period when it is cuſtomary to abſtain from prophane expreſſions, chains are impoſed, and executions are ordered to take place.'

The following words were addreſſed

to

to the cultivators of the ground, every new year, by the kings of Perſia:—

'From your labours we receive our ſubſiſtence, you derive your tranquillity from our vigilance; ſince, therefore, we are mutually neceſſary to each other, let us live together like brothers, in concord and love.'

J. S.

Faſhionable 'Small Talk.'

IT was a cuſtom amongſt the antients at their entertainments, to have an harp carried round the table, and preſented to every gueſt, which if any one refuſed, out of unſkilfulneſs, he was conſidered as illiterate or ill-bred. Pindar, in one of his odes, alludes to this cuſtom:

'Nor doth his ſkilful hand refuſe,
Acquaintance with the tuneful muſe,
When round the mirthful board the
harp is borne.'

Du Halde, in his hiſtory of China, furniſhes us with an extract from a Chineſe author, who, inveighing againſt ſuch as neglect their ſtudies, adds, 'theſe perſons are moſt at a loſs at the concluſion of a banquet. The plate and dice go round, that the number of little verſes which every one ought to pronounce, may be determined by chance; when it comes to their turn they appear quite ſtupid.' It is really diverting to imagine what confuſion ſuch a faſhion would raiſe in our ordinary ſociety, among our inſipid women, monotonous politicians, and inveterate gameſters!—How they would join in proteſting againſt the uſe of the poetical dice, and melodious inſtruments! But—cheer up—ye bucks, beaux, and belles. Inelegance and dullneſs have nothing to fear. 'Pretty little ſmall talk' will maintain its ground, though the cuſtoms of the ancients are *not* forgotten. Hear Harry Flagrant, in his *vaſtly neat* curricle, ſalute lady Amazon, who paſſes him in a low phæton.

'It is a charming day, ma'em;—I think the air is wonderfully mild for the ſeaſon'——

'Quite ſo, indeed, replies the lady; 'but, dear Harry, where have you been? Lady Caſſino's party was extremely dull laſt night—can you gueſs why I thought ſo?'

'Have'n't an idea, upon my word. What *can* you allude to?'

'O! you ſly man!—to pretend ignorance!—I have a great mind not to tell you! Shall I tell you, Harry?'

'You will oblige me infinitely—You don't know how much you will oblige me. You can't conceive the obligation I ſhould think it! Can the fineſt woman in the world be ſo hard-hearted?'

'O! you monſter—O! you flatterer—do you know, now, you make me really angry. And ſo you can't gueſs?—well! However, I won't tell you.'

'Yes—do now—have compaſſion upon me; tell me why you thought it dull, pray now?'

'And ſo you have not the ſmalleſt notion what could be the cauſe of my thinking it dull?'

'Upon my credit, have not any conception what it could be.'

'I'd lay fifty guineas that in your heart you are perfectly convinced of what I mean.'

'No—indeed—I am upon *my parole* I cannot diſcover the reaſon why you thought it dull laſt night—I am entirely at a loſs.'

'Well, you may proteſt—but I don't believe you—however, not to tantalize you, the only reaſon why I thought it dull laſt night at lady C.'s was——I think I had better keep it to myſelf—was—now I will not ſay a word more about it.'

'How can you be ſo ſevere upon me? Have mercy, my ſweet woman—I ſhall die if you don't tell me.' &c.

There is a bird in the Weſt Indies whoſe *tongue* is ſo long that it fills the head, where the brains *ſhould be*—Quere—if many men and women have not tongues of this nature?

Proceedings

Proceedings of the Royal Iriſh Academy.

This learned body uſually divided the moſt valuable papers laid before them, and which they regard as fit for the public inſpection, into three claſſes—thoſe relating to ſcience, to polite literature, and antiquities.

Science.—In the ſcientific claſs they have lately had preſented to them three mathematical papers; one is a poſthumous work of the rev. R. MURRAY, D. D. provoſt of Trinity-college, Dublin; it relates to dr. Halley's ſeries for the calculation of logarithms, and it was drawn up about forty years ago, for the inſtruction of his pupils, ſhortly after his appointment to the profeſſorſhip of mathematics; it is ſhort and the explanations are ſimple, and ſuited to thoſe young men who are ſtudying the elementary parts of pure mathematics.

The ſecond is an examination of various ſolutions of Kepler's problem, and a ſhort, practical ſolution of it, pointed out by the rev. J. BRINKLEY. 'The object of this eſſay has been to compare the different ſolutions of Kepler's problem. This compariſon has led the author to point out what he conſiders as the beſt practical ſolution of the problem, particularly applicable to the planets, and this ſolution is formed of a combination of the ſolutions of Kepler, Newton, and Caſſini. 'The very ſmall ſhare (ſays the modeſt author) I claim in it, is from having recommended that combination of ſolutions. The ſolutions of the two latter have been ſeparately recommended by writers on aſtronomy. Caſſini has not always been referred to as the author of this method, and Newton rarely. The merit of Caſſini's method is derived from its ſimplicity, and ready application to the planetary orbits.—Newton's ſolution was the firſt that was applicable to orbits of every degree of eccentricity.' In addition to theſe, mr. Brinkley notices the ſolutions given by Hermann, in the year 1725, and by mr. Ivory, in the volume of the Edinburgh Tranſactions. The former is, in ſubſtance, the ſame as the ſolution of dr. Matthew Stewart, in which Hermann makes uſe of Caſſini's approximation, but without a proper reference to it. Of mr. Ivory's method, it is obſerved, by mr. Brinkley, that, with regard to the practical value for the planetary orbits, it yields to ſeveral other methods, and, with reſpect to elliptical orbits in general, it certainly yields to Newton's method, and, perhaps, to Machin's; and, in the extreme caſe, when the ellipſe is evaneſcent, the ſolution derived from Newton's method is much more ſimple than that of mr. Ivory. Having made theſe obſervations, mr. Brinkley adds, 'It is with concern I have made theſe remarks on the labours of a perſon, who has merited ſo much by his moſt elegant and uſeful ſolution of a problem connected with phyſical aſtronomy, in the fourth volume of the Edinburgh Tranſactions:—a problem on which the eminent mathematicians of Europe had neceſſarily exerted their ingenuity for nearly half a century, and whoſe ſolutions have all been ſurpaſſed by that of mr. Ivory. In his ſolution of Kepler's problem, he has added the method of deriving the place of a comet, moving in an excentric ellipſe, from the place in a parabola having the ſame perihelion diſtance. He conſiders the problem as new, although, beſide Simpſon and Laplace, referred to, Lalande mentions the problem.'

The third, and laſt, mathematical diſſertation is by the ſame learned profeſſor, and it contains 'A theorem for finding the ſurface of an oblique cylinder, with its geometrical demonſtration.' The difficulty of finding the ſurfaces of an oblique cylinder, and of an oblique cone, the baſe of which are circles, is noticed by the learned dr. Barrow, in his *Geometricæ Lectiones*.—According to our author, mr. Brinkley, 'The ſurface of an oblique cylinder is equal to a rectangle contained by the diameter of its baſe, and the circumference of an ellipſe; the axes of which are the length and perpendicular height of the cylinder.' This theorem is

demonſtrated by pure geometry, according to the method of the ancients, by means of circumſcribed and inſcribed priſms.

To this theorem is added an appendix, containing ſome obſervations on the methods of finding the circumference of a very excentric ellipſe; including a geometrical demonſtration of the remarkable property of elliptic arcs, diſcovered by count Fagnani. By the aid of a certain property of the ellipſe, here given, mr. Brinkley derives the following theorem, reſpecting a very excentric ellipſe.

'If that ſemi-diameter of an ellipſe be taken, which is a mean proportional between the ſemi-axes, and be produced to meet the circumſcribing circle; then the point, where the ordinate to the circle, drawn from the point of interſection, cuts the ellipſe, divides the quadrantal arc of the ellipſe into two parts, the difference of which is equal to difference of the ſemi-axes.'

Dr. RICHARDSON has laid before the royal academy, 'An account of Whynn Dykes, in the neighbourhood of the Giant's Cauſeway, Ballycaſtle, and Belfaſt.' After having accurately deſcribed theſe dykes, the doctor ſays, 'Whether our Whynn Dykes be identically the ſame with thoſe on the Scotch coaſt, oppoſite, is not eaſily aſcertained, though highly probable; but even confining ourſelves to our own country (Ireland), we find ſufficient matter for aſtoniſhment in contemplating our baſaltic area, formed by accumulations of horizontal ſtrata, with numberleſs vertical planes radiating from it. Had dr. Beddoes been acquainted with this ſtructure of our baſaltic country, I think he would ſcarcely have aſſerted that, 'a right knowledge of baſaltes is conducting us faſt to a juſt theory of the earth.' I think very differently from dr. Beddoes, and conceive, that inſtead of aſſiſting, baſaltic facts are throwing new difficulties in the way of coſmogoniſts, who flatter themſelves they have developed the ſecrets of nature; and that thoſe in my country are utterly irreconcileable to any theory that I have met with.

'Two ſects of naturaliſts, diſtinguiſhed by the names volcaniſts, and plutoniſts, have, of late, taken poſſeſſion of all the baſalt world, and have divided it between themſelves, under the deſcription of erupted and unerupted lava; and they have ſo convinced dr. Beddoes of the validity of their claim, that, he ſays, I ſhall aſſume the origin of baſaltes 'from ſubterranean fuſion to be thoroughly eſtabliſhed.'

According to mr. Richardſon, foreigners ſeem to know little of Whynn Dykes, except in mines; and, in this dr. Hamilton, on behalf of the volcaniſts, and dr. Hutton, the great advocate for the plutonic ſyſtem, have their different theories; the firſt forms the Whynn Dykes, by pouring in erupted lava at the upper aperture of mighty chaſms, while dr. Hutton conceives theſe chaſms, were filled up by his own unerupted lava, forced up at the lower aperture. Our author, however, will not admit that either of theſe gentlemen have diſcovered the ſecret of nature in the conſtruction of the ſingular appearances exhibited in theſe Whynns: for

1ſt. Many of our contiguous dykes differ materially from each other, yet their proximity is ſuch, that, according to the theory of either dr. Hamilton or dr. Hutton, they muſt have been filled up from the ſame ſource, and with the ſame material. 2dly. Many of theſe dykes, both in Ireland and Scotland, ſhow a material difference between their middle parts and their ſides, both, in grain, and internal principle of conſtruction; and the change appears as if the diſſimilar parts were ſeparated from each other by planes parallel to their ſides, which is incompatible with the high ſtate of fluidity in which lava muſt have been to enable it to fill up vaſt chaſms of ſuch diminutive breadth. 3dly.—Whynn Dykes come in contact with a great variety of different ſubſtances, without producing ſuch effect upon any one of them, as might be expected from the contiguity of ſo glowing a maſs. 4thly. All ſubſtances, when ignited, are in a high ſtate of dilatati-

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on, which is followed, when they cool, by a contraction, by which they occupy leſs ſpace than they did when heated; of courſe, had the dykes been chaſms, filled up with glowing lava, when this material cooled and contracted, it could no longer fill up theſe chaſms as before, but muſt crack and ſeparate from their ſides, leaving intervals and diſruptions; but nothing like this is obſerved, the dyke and contiguous matter, whatever it be, are ſolidly united together, forming one maſs.

Mr. Richardſon, who ſeems more deſirous of pulling down falſe theories than eſtabliſhing one of his own, ſays, he ſhall probably make further inroads into the territories of Vulcan, and queſtion igneous origin of baſalt in general. He tells us, that his opportunities to procure information upon it have been very ſuperior to thoſe of any other perſon: 'I have lived, (ſays he) very many ſummers in the moſt important baſaltic country in the world, and my fondneſs for the ſea, and poſſeſſion of boats, have enabled me repeatedly to explore our coaſt, while I know that the advocates for particular opinions come to look for arguments to ſupport the theories they patronize; it is painful to follow ſuch gentlemen, correcting their ſtatements, and contradicting their aſſertions; nor are they curſory travellers alone who miſrepreſent our facts; it will appear that men of ſcience and ability are equally diſpoſed to ſupport their opinions at any expence; a favourite theory is an adopted child, that muſt be maintained.' He then urges the neceſſity of ſtudying facts, becauſe, adds he, 'In our baſaltic country, theſe are curious, as well as abundant; and it will be from ſuch of theſe alone as have eſcaped the attention of my predeceſſors, and from the geological country, that the arguments to be applied to the queſtion of the igneous origin of baſalt will be drawn; and whatever may be their weight, at leaſt, they will have the merit of novelty to recommend them.

Another paper laid before this learned body, is an 'Eſſay on Credulity,' by Wm. Preston, Esq. In the introduction to this eſſay, the author contends, that the '*principle of credulity*' is the moſt powerful motive of human action, which the daring and impetuous may employ by chance, the profound and politic on principle and by deſign, to gain a power and purchaſe, by which they turn and wield the human inſtrument, and make it moſt efficaciouſly perform the purpoſed work of the mover. Epidemic credulity and popular deluſion forward, or even produce, great revolutions: it is the great ſpring that agitate religious enthuſiaſms; it becomes the means of miſleading the public attention, and of impreſſing falſe notions of the views and motives of governments, and ſtates.—Theſe and many other evils are pointed out as ariſing from credulity; and having pointed out its pernicious effects in a great variety of inſtances, the author divides his work into ſections, of which the firſt is intended to ſhow, that credulity is an innate principle and diſtinguiſhed from rational belief. Its uſe is ſhown; the reaſons given why it is ſometimes joined with diſtruſt; and then ſome inſtances of ſucceſsful impoſture are adduced to ſhow the general prevalence of credulity. Of theſe latter it is ſaid, that the *commencement* of impoſture has uſually been *fortuitous*. 'So (ſays Mr. Preſton) it was with reſpect to Mahomet. Being ſubject to attacks of epilepſy, and wiſhing to conceal his infirmity from his wife, he told her that his convulſions were occaſioned by the ſight of the angel Gabriel, who came to reveal to him many things, in the name of God. Cadigha immediately went about, and told, from houſe to houſe, that her huſband was a prophet, and endeavoured to procure him followers.' A ſimilar infirmity induced Elizabeth Barton, of England, to commence propheteſs; and it is not improbable, according to our author, that the inſpiration of the Pythian prieſteſs was of the ſame nature and that ſhe afterwards acquired the power of working herſelf into trances and convulſions.

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In the ſecond ſection, Mr. Locke's theory reſpecting credulity, which is a feeling, is examined; and it is ſhewn, that reaſon ought to be employed to determine the grounds of diſſent. In the courſe of this diſcuſſion, we are referred to the tragical fate of Calas family, at Thouloufe; the pretended inſpiration of miſs Kitty Cadiere, and her extatic intercourſe with the ſeraphic Père Gerard; the impoſture of Elizabeth Canning; to the affair of the Cock-lane ghoſt, and to the pretended witchcraft in Scotland. Hence the ſtatute 33d Hen. VIII. which makes it felony, without benefit of clergy, to invoke, conſult, covenant, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil ſpirit. Judge Blackſtone is alſo referred to with aſtoniſhment, that a man of ſuch talents ſhould admit the poſſibility, and even probability, of ſuch a crime being committed.

The two remaining ſections are taken up in ſhowing the 'grounds for diſſenting from popular rumour,' and in producing methods by which 'popular credulity may be remedied or prevented.' Do our readers aſk, what are the remedies ſuggeſted by mr. Preſton, he ſhall ſpeak for himſelf: 'The promoting of a free circulation of opinion, an increaſe of rational lights, the diffuſion of knowledge, the facilitating and giving publicity to the ſtatement of important facts, in which the people are intereſted, by means of which, freedom of ſpeech, and of the preſs, ought to be maintained. The approaches to public inſtruction ſhould be facilitated; judicious ſyſtems of public education ſhould be adopted. An enlightened and well educated people will doubt, will inquire, will think for themſelves, while a rude, ignorant, and miſerable peaſantry, diſcontented with their preſent ſtate, their underſtandings clouded with barbariſm, and warped by wiſhes and fears, will eagerly catch at every report or ſuggeſtion that flatters the hope of change—of change, which muſt ever be welcome to the miſerable.'

The Antiquities of Ireland. The ſecond Edition, with Additions and Corrections. To which is added, a Collection of miſcellaneous Antiquities. By Edward Ledwich, LL. D. and Member of many learned Societies. Dublin, 1804.

IRISH antiquities have been hitherto proverbially contemptible among the learned and inquiſitive of every country, from the abſurd and puerile fables in which they are involved. Theſe fables diſgrace the early hiſtory of the moſt poliſhed nations, and are cheriſhed by the maſs of their population where refinement prevail, theſe fictions, the amuſement of barbarous ages, are relinquiſhed; ſo that, at this day, except among the Iriſh and Welſh, few people eſteem it patriotic to defend them. Our thanks are due to Camden and Ware, to Stillingfleet and Macpherſon, and ſome excellent moderns, for having diſpelled the popular deluſions on this head, and prepared the way for more rational and ſucceſsful enquiries. This author purſues the ſteps of thoſe eminent men, and gives ſuch a view of Iriſh antiquities as has never been offered to the public: it is highly honourable to his native country.

The work is divided into thirty-two eſſays, illuſtrated by forty-three well-executed engravings. We regret that our limits will not permit us to be more ample in our remarks; all we can give is the outline of each eſſay.

I. *On the Romantic Hiſtory of Ireland.*

The author deduces the origin of Iriſh romantic hiſtory from Spain, the centre of oriental fabling in the middle ages. The Armoric and Welſh bards caught the contagion, and it ſoon reached Ireland, in thoſe times the mart of literature to the weſtern world. The tales concerning the primæval inhabitants of the iſle, and Iriſh hagiography, place beyond doubt the idea inſiſted on in this eſſay. The more regular compoſition of theſe fables and traditions the author ſhows to belong

to the fifteenth century. It was then Annius of Viterbo produced his ſuppoſitious Beroſus, Manetho, Megaſthenes, and Cato; Inghiramius his Tuſcan inſcriptions; and Hector Boethius his Scottiſh hiſtory.

The works adduced in ſupport of Iriſh fictions, except a few extracts, are ſtill in MS. though their publication has been repeatedly called for, particularly by father Innes, in 1729, and by mr. Edmund Burke, in 1783 and 1786. The extracts from Cormac's Gloſſary, and the Pſalter of Caſhel, are ſo wretched fabulous and ſilly, that Iriſh antiquaries act prudently in concealing them in the darkeſt corner of their libraries.

We are informed that etymology has, by the author of the Collectanea de Reb. Hib. been aſſumed for the explanation of Iriſh antiquities; and of the writer's talents in this way, we are preſented with the following riſible inſtance. 'Mileſius was not a proper name, but an epithet, being Mileſs and Mileſpain, i. e. the hero of the ſhip. Mil is a champion, from the Chaldee Malca rex. Eſs and Spain ſignify a ſhip, from the Hebrew Eſs lignum, et Speian nauta. Malach in Hebrew, and Malach and Melachoir in Iriſh, ſignify nauta. In Arabic, Mulla is a ſailor, and Suſina a ſhip.' Dr. L. obſerves on this citation,—May we not here apply what Warburton ſaid of Gale's Court of the Gentiles?—that it could ſcarcely be believed the man was ſerious, had he not given us, in his numerous tomes, ſuch lamentable proofs of his being in earneſt.

II. *Some antient Notices reſpecting Ireland, and of the Name of the Iſle.*

The author conteſts the eaſtern origin of the Iriſh, and doubts the Phœnician navigations to the iſle. He thinks Ireland was known to the Greeks two or three centuries before the Chriſtian æra; and that through Greek colonies, ſettled at Marſeilles, and on the coaſts of the Mediterranean, who, like our merchants of the preſent day, penetrated the north and weſt of Europe by its large rivers.

The Roman appellation of Ireland, Hibernia, in the opinion of dr. Ledwich, was given from its ſuppoſed coldneſs; and that its Iriſh name of Iri or Eri, the great or further iſle, was of Gothic or Teutonic origin. It is preſerved by Diodorus Siculus; and in the northern writers it is conſtantly named Ir, Ire, Iris, Iras, and the natives Iros and Ireneſes. He alſo ſatisfactorily accounts for the change of Iris into Ierne, among the Greeks. If it be aſked, ſays this author, why this original name has been hitherto unnoticed? The anſwer ſeems to be, that antiquaries find it eaſier to build ſyſtem on conjectures, than laboriouſly to enquire after truth and certainty.

III. *Of the Colonization of Ireland.*

The author labours, and with ſucceſs, to ſupport the Celtic and Scythian colonization of the iſle; and in this he concurs with Camden, Spenſer, Ware, and O'Flaherty. In eſtabliſhing this point, he is enabled to diſcriminate the religion and manners of the Celtes and northerns, and to diſembarraſs a very involved and obſcure ſubject. The author concludes this eſſay with theſe words:

'Such is the ſcheme of colonization, which admits of enlargement even to laſſitude. This ſcheme is founded on the ſure baſis of written authorities; which, while it diſpels the obſcurities, caſts a ſteady light on every branch of Iriſh antiquities. Let others enjoy the gibberiſh of oriental etymologies, and the company of Mileſians, Phœnicians, and Magagians in that gloomy cave,

Quo nunquam radiis oriens, mediuſve, cadenſve
Phœbus adire poteſt.'

IV. *Of the Druids, and their Religion.*

We recollect to have read this eſſay, ſome years ago, in the Archæologia. It exhibits a rich diſplay of claſſical erudition, in comparing the dogmas of the Druids, as delivered by Cæſar, with thoſe of the Romans. This lebrated writer ſeems to have indulged a propenſity, not uncommon, of repreſenting the religion and manners of foreign people as ſimilar to his own; and his authority and words

have

have led Pelloutier, Mallet, Brucker, and many more, into ſtrange miſtakes when ſpeaking of Druidiſm. They take the whole of what is to be found in the ancients concerning the Druids, and from that deduce their civil and religious tenets; not conſidering that the northern ſwarm, made up of Goths or Teutons, ſpoke a different language, and had peculiar manners and cuſtoms, both diſtinct from the primitive Celtes. When the Greeks and Romans deſcribe the Druids, their ritual had been, for many centuries, previouſly incorporated with the northern or Scythic; ſo that it was not ſimple but compounded Druidiſm they ſpoke of. Thus the ſacrifice of human victims, the erection of cromleace, ſtone-circles, and ponderous trilithons, were northern practices; whereas genuine Celtic Druidiſm conſiſted in their adoration of the oak, and their celebration of divine rites in oaken groves: nor was all remembrance of their religion loſt, though nearly overwhelmed by the polytheiſm of Rome. Thus, ſays Tacitus, the Naharvali had a grove of this ancient religion, without a veſtige of images, or foreign ſuperſtition. The Suevi Semnones had the ſame. The ſame author mentions the caſtum nemus Kerthæ, the ſacrum nemus Belgarum, &c. The learned and ingenious biſhop Percy ſaw the diſtinction here made, and ably illuſtrated it, in his Preface to Mallet's Northern Antiquities; and yet, in the face of this evidence, ſome pretenders to antiquarian knowledge perſevere in error. If they ſee a ſtone altar or circle, ſurrounded by a grove, they inſtantly call that a Druidic monument, whereas it is an exiſting proof of the compound religion before hinted at.

V. *Of the Pagan State of Ireland, and its Remains.*

This eſſay confirms the ideas advanced in the laſt, in tracing the origin of ſtone monuments, cairns, and barrows, with the ancient modes of ſepulture; all derived to the Iriſh from the northerns.

(To be continued.)

Select Sentences.

JEALOUSY not only *ſours* t*temper*, but *obſcures* the *underſtandi* and, like many other violent huma efforts, generally produces the ver evil it is on the watch to prevent.

It is ſaid of *very* fine gentlemen and *very* fine ladies, that they are au tomatons, moved by the hands of th femme and valet de chambre. Tha they cannot retire to reſt unaided and muſt lie ſprawling in bed, like turtle on its back upon the kitche table of an alderman, till *theſe indiſpen ſible aſſiſtants appear to help them to ri in* a morning!!!

When Vaugelas received a ſinecur from his king, for the excellent dict onary he had produced, the duc de la Rochefaucault ſaid, 'Well Vauge las, in your next edition you will no *forget* the word *penſion*.'—'Nor *grati tude*,' replied Vaugelas.

Our brave volunteers ſeem to be ac tuated as ſtrongly by love for their country, and her laws, to take up arms in her defence, as the followers of Mahomet were by his promiſed rewards, when he averred that the '*ſword* was the *key* of heaven and of hell; that a drop of blood ſhed in the cauſe of their religion, a night ſpent in arms, was of more avail than two months ſpent in faſting and prayer; whoſoever fell in battle, his ſins were forgiven him; at the day of judgment his wounds ſhould be reſplendent as vermillion, and odoriferous as muſk; and that the loſs of his limbs ſhould be ſupplied with the wings of angels and cherubims.'

How full of exquiſite ſweetneſs are thoſe tears which flow from a truly noble heart, at the hearing of any action or conduct, ſurpriſingly great and glorious!

A *good* heart will, at all times, betray the *beſt* head in the world.

BEAUTY is the object of *liking*: great qualities of *admiration*: good ones of *eſteem*: but love is the real object of love.

Q. Z.

State of Public Affairs.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE materials for the hiſtory of the public events for this month are very ſcanty. We ſpeak this ſtrictly and literally of the facts we have to relate; for, as to conjecture and political ſpeculation, there is even a novelty in ſome of the circumſtances that offer themſelves to the conſideration of the feeling obſerver. At home, this, that is uſually a period of activity in public concerns, from the opening of the ſeſſion of parliament, has the appearance of being tame and inſipid; yet it is far from being ſo. We think it a good general rule, for a publication of this kind, which dwells for a conſiderable length of time with many of its readers without further explanation of circumſtances involved in any obſcurity, to abſtain from the touching upon reports which relate to delicate and intereſting ſubjects. There may, however, be excuſes for a departure from that rule; and we feel very much diſpoſed to believe that is the caſe now. We allude to the rumour of a diſſenſion in the royal family, reſpecting the guardianſhip of the princeſs Charlotte of Wales.—We do not heſitate to ſay, that the right of guardianſhip is with her illuſtrious father; but the main queſtion here is, the character of the claim that is ſuppoſed to come from another quarter. It is the habit in this country, and wiſely ſo, to conſider great political meaſures as thoſe of miniſters, that they may be diſcuſſed with the degree of freedom that diſtinguiſhes the conſtitution of the nation, and the decency that ſhould govern every ſociety. It is not poſſible, (we think it not) to be indifferent on the queſtion thus thruſt upon the public. The queſtion, in truth, is not ſo much on the right of guardianſhip, as the fitneſs of the illuſtrious father to be the guardian. The delicacy of this ſubject is palpable; but who has expoſed the delicate ſubject to the world? We would not now do more than glance at it; but we would be underſtood to ſay, we ſhould regard with exquiſite jealouſy and apprehenſion any inference, in the education of the princeſs, of thoſe who at preſent ſurround the throne.

Intelligence has arrived of the manner in which the Spaniſh nation (for we ſpeak not merely of the court) received the news of our mode of reaſoning in the ſeizure of the Spaniſh ſhips. It is difficult to expreſs the ſurpriſe and indignation excited in Spain by the news: and the Spaniſh nation would be diſappointed, if the court could preſerve the appearance of peace after that tranſaction. It does not preciſely appear where mr. Frere, the Engliſh ambaſſador to the court of Spain, at preſent is; but it is probable, he is on his return to London, and that a rupture with that court will ſoon be announced by our government. An embargo was, on the 19th of this month, laid on all Spaniſh veſſels, in the ſeveral ports of the united kingdom.

The moſt recent accounts from Gibraltar vary conſiderably reſpecting the preſent ſtate of the garriſon and the inhabitants. Some of theſe deſcribe the fever as ſtill proceeding with its deadly ravages; but we are inclined to hope they are erroneous. It certainly would be ſome relief to the public, however great the calamity at Gibraltar might be, if the government publiſhed official accounts, from time to time, of the actual ſtate of the place, even with the names of the moſt conſiderable perſons who died of the contagion. The practice of leaving the country for a long time in uncertainty, as to rumours, greatly affecting its tranquillity, is always cenſurable, and has of late grown into an enormous evil. The ſituation of our new war in India is far from being accurately known; while there are rumours on that ſubject of a very alarming nature.

The Eaſt India company at home have been employed in a very laudable manner in further diſtinguiſhing captain Dance, late commander of the ſhip the Camden. At a general court of proprietors held on the 19th of December, the hon. William Elphinſtone, chairman of the court of directors, moved that a penſion of 300l. per annum be

granted

granted to that deſerving officer, in purſuance of a reſolution of the court of directors, of the 26th of September laſt. Mr. Twining moved as an amendment, that the penſion be 500l. per annum; and this amendment was warmly ſupported, but ſome matter of form ſtood in the way of its immediate adoption, and therefore a regular notice, in writing, was given of the following motion:—'That this court, ſenſible of the great merit of ſir Nathaniel Dance, is deſirous of conferring upon him a penſion of 500l. per annum; but, in conformity to the 4th ſection of the 8th chapter of the company's bye-laws, the court think it neceſſary to adjourn the conſideration of this queſtion, till Friday the 4th of January next.' This proper reward, therefore, of the important ſervices of this gallant officer is now in effect voted.

At the ſame court, the chairman ſubmitted a number of reſolutions, for the appointment of different officers for the government of Prince of Wales' Iſland; which were agreed to.

Our fleet under the command of admiral Cornwallis, having been compelled by the weather to return from Breſt to Torbay, and the wind (on the 14th of November) having ſhifted to a point favourable for their regaining their ſtation off Breſt, a ſignal was made for all the ſquadron to put to ſea. The *Venerable*, captain Hunter, in fiſhing up her anchor, ſtruck upon a rock, near Paington, in the northern part of the bay; and although every effort was made to ſave her, ſhe went to pieces. All the officers and crew, except ſeven men, were ſaved by the boats of the Impetueux and Goliah. The men who periſhed were ſeen looking out of ſome of the port-holes; but notwithſtanding the jolly-boat at that time hung to the quarter, and every invitation was given the ſufferers to lower the boat and quit the ſhip, they remained in her; and this, it is imagined, is owing to their having got to the liquor, on the ſhip's ſtriking, and being too much intoxicated to comprehend their ſituation. The *Venerable* was admiral Duncan's flag ſhip, in the victory gained by him over the Dutch laſt war. It appears that no blame could be attached to any of the officers for the loſs of the ſhip.

His majeſty's ſhip the Romney, commanded by the hon. captain Colvill, was lately wrecked on the coaſt of Holland. The conduct of the Dutch admiral Kikkert, and his officers, to our officers and men, whoſe lives they ſaved by their exertions, was moſt humane and generous. Captain Colvill, after returning to England, with his officers, and rear-admiral Ruſſel (under whom he commanded) have acknowledged the generous attention of the Dutch, in letters, which do them great honour, addreſſed to the Dutch admiral.

The Duke of Clarence cutter, belonging to ſir J. Saumerez's ſquadron, was loſt in chaſing a French privateer off the coaſt of France. The whole crew were ſaved, by boats, and carried into Guernſey.

An attempt was lately made upon ſome of the works of the harbour of Calais, and, as it appears, the effect of which is not accurately known. Lieutenant Stewart, and twelve men, in a very able and ſpirited manner, conducted one of theſe machines, lately uſed againſt Fort Rouge, at the mouth of the harbour; and, after they had diſpoſed of the machine, and retired, in ſafety, the veſſel exploded.

Captain Laroche, of the Melpomene, in the ſquadron before Havre, has captured a French privateer, from St. Vallery, and driven another into that port.

FRANCE.

Bonaparte is at length crowned emperor of the French. The Paris papers affect the delirium of joy on this occaſion, and are filled with extravagant pictures of the external pomp and moral dignity of the ſcene. Of the former we have no doubt; for the French excel in theſe things. At beſt they are not worth detailing; and we ſhall barely give the outline of this memorable event. The pope (without whoſe preſence the whole would have faded in Bonaparte's eyes) arrived at Fontainbleau on the 25th of Novem-

ber.

ber. Bonaparte was purſuing the pleaſures of the chaſe when his approach was announced, and went to La Croix de St. Herem, to meet his holineſs. They both alighted at the ſame moment, and embraced each other. Six of Bonaparte's carriages then came on; and Bonaparte entered his own carriage firſt, that he might place his holineſs on his right. They arrived at the caſtle of Fontainbleau through lines of troops, and amidſt the diſcharge of cannon. His eminence cardinal Caprara, and the great officers of Bonaparte's houſehold, received them at the entrance of the caſtle; and they aſcended the gilt ſtair-caſe till they came to the galleries which led to their ſeparate apartments, when his holineſs was conducted, with great ceremony, to thoſe deſtined for his reception.—Having reſted a little, his holineſs paid a viſit to Bonaparte, in his cloſet, conducted by the great officers of the houſhold; and Bonaparte attended him on his return, as far as the hall of the great officers. His holineſs paid a ſimilar viſit to the empreſs, who attended him back as far as the ſecond room of her apartments. At four o'clock Bonaparte paid a viſit to the pope, in his apartments, preceded by his great officers of the houſhold. In both of theſe viſits, the pope and Bonaparte were together alone, during half an hour. His eminence cardinal Feſch, was preſented to Bonaparte the ſame day. Early in the morning of the firſt of December, the ſenate proceeded, in a body, to the palace of the Thuilleries (to which the pope and Bonaparte were now come), and were preſented to his imperial majeſty (we uſe the language of the French papers) by his highneſs prince Joſeph, grand elector. His excellency the preſident, Neufchateau, addreſſed his majeſty in a long ſpeech, to which his majeſty replied as follows:

'I aſcend the throne, to which the unanimous wiſhes of the ſenate, the people, and the army have called me, with a heart penetrated with the great deſtinies of that people, whom from the midſt of camps, I firſt ſaluted with the name of great.

'From my youth, my thoughts have been ſolely fixed upon them; and I muſt add here, that my pleaſures and my pains are derived entirely from the happineſs or miſery of my people.

'My deſcendants ſhall long preſerve this throne. In the field they will be the firſt ſoldiers of the army, ſacrificing their lives for the defence of their country. As magiſtrates they will never forget, that contempt of the laws, and the confuſion of ſocial order, are only the reſult of the imbecility and uncertainty of princes. You, ſenators, whoſe counſels and ſupport have never failed me in the moſt difficult circumſtances, your ſpirit will be handed down to your ſucceſſors. Be ever the prop and firſt counſellors of that throne, ſo neceſſary to the welfare of this vaſt empire.'

On the ſame day the tribunate complimented his majeſty; and the ſenate, tribunate, and council of ſtate, delivered complimentary ſpeeches to the pope. On the 2d of December, the coronation and conſecration were performed by the pope, in the church of Nôtre Dame; the proceſſion and ceremony being attended with every poſſible circumſtance of pomp. The emperor bore a ſceptre of ſilver, with a golden ſerpent twined round it, and ſurmounted with a globe ſuſtaining a figure of Charlemagne. His oath concluded with theſe words—'I ſwear to govern ſolely with a view to the intereſt, the happineſs and the glory of the French nation.' No accident happened during the whole day. The 3d of December was a day of rejoicing throughout Paris. In the morning, heralds at arms marched through all the principal ſtreets, diſtributing medals of various ſizes, deſtined to commemorate the coronation. On one ſide was the figure of the emperor bearing the crown of the Cæſars, with this legend—*Napoleon Empereur*; on the reverſe were theſe words—*Le Senat et le Peuple*. The day paſſed with fêtes in every quarter, and cloſed with illuminations and fire works.

The ſenate has declared, that the ſuffrages taken on the queſtion of the imperial dignity being hereditary in Bonaparte's

haparte's family amount to 3,524,254; of which, 3,521,675, voted for it—of this latter number 400,000 were ſoldiers, and 50,000 ſailors.

Bonaparte has made his extraordinary embaſſy to the court of Madrid as ſplendid as poſſible. The ambaſſador, general Bournonville, received from him, on the occaſion, a gold ſnuff-box, with Bonaparte's portrait, ſet round with diamonds, valued at 24,000 livres; and from the empreſs, a diamond ring, valued at 12,000 livres.

The Moniteur ſays, the papers of ſir George Rumbold are to be publiſhed, and preſented to all courts; and adds, that they will furniſh an intereſting comment on lord Hawkeſbury's note. It has alſo publiſhed a ſuppoſed correſpondence between mr. Taylor, the Engliſh miniſter to the elector of Heſſe, and certain perſons, (the principal of whom are two brothers, of the name of Thum) inhabitants of the French departments, which were torn from the German empire, on the left bank of the Rhine. The correſpondence ſtates a conſpiracy to ſubvert the French government, and ſeems to glance at the aſſaſſination of Bonaparte. The conſpirators are ſaid (in the correſpondence) to amount to 170,000 men. The perſons calling themſelves their agents applied to mr. Taylor, and the Engliſh government, for 20,000l. to aſſiſt in their project. To this ſtory we ſhall only ſay, that it is not difficult to vindicate the honour of the Engliſh nation againſt all the calumnies of France; but it is difficult, nay, impoſſible, to ſave our diplomatic gentlemen from diſgrace; and, as the nation is known in foreign countries chiefly through the character of thoſe gentlemen, the nation muſt be content, till the ſyſtem is changed, to ſhare in the diſgrace.

Moſt of the French emigrants who were arreſted, on the 25th of March laſt, at Ettenheim, Kehl and Offenburgh, and detained at Paris as ſtate priſoners, are now releaſed. The ſuite of the unfortunate duke d'Enghien have been conducted, by *gens d'armes*, to the right bank of the Rhine. The abbé d'Aimar, being ill, is permitted to ſtay in Paris till he recovers. General Dernoy and three others are ſtill detained as ſtate priſoners.

The brave and generous Koſciuſko's birth-day was celebrated, by the Poles, at Paris, on the 5th of November. Among the company were general Dombrowſky, the princeſs Sapieha, and the American envoy.

GERMANY.

The court of Vienna, it ſeems, has expreſſed its moſt unqualified approbation of the remonſtrance of the king of Pruſſia to the French government, reſpecting the ſeizure of ſir George Rumbold: and has alſo ſent a ſimilar remonſtrance to Paris, on the ſame ſubject. An Engliſh ambaſſador at Vienna, has preſented his new credentials, recogniſing the emperor's lately aſſumed dignity of hereditary emperor of Auſtria.

A robbery of an Engliſh and a Hanoverian meſſenger has happened lately in Germany, which looks like ſomething beyond a mere robbery for the common object of plunder. Mr. Wagſtaff, one of our meſſengers, was proceeding with diſpatches for Peterſburgh and Berlin. In his route, he had met with a Hanoverian meſſenger, and they afterwards travelled together in the ſame carriage. As they paſſed through a wood, between Lubeck and Mecklenburgh Schwerin, they were ſtopped by five men, armed with carbines and fixed bayonets, headed by another, who ſeemed moſt intent upon ſeizing mr. Wagſtaff's papers, which he ſecured. The others plundered mr. Wagſtaff and his companion of all they had: and leading them into a thick part of the wood, bound them, and left them with injunctions not to ſtir for an hour and a half. Mr. Wagſtaff loſt 200l. in caſh. It was afterwards diſcovered that the villains had paſſed through Rateſburgh, a town in the Hanoverian dominions, at preſent occupied by the French. The leader of the banditti ſpoke little, and in French.

HOLLAND.

The finances of this country are in the moſt embarraſſed condition. The

government has anticipated the property tax. The Dutch papers of the third of December, however, contain a proclamation of the Dutch government, which is of a particularly interesting character. The exactions, tyranny, and oppressions, of the French generals in Holland, have, at length, driven the Dutch to assert their independence, at least in words, and that is no small degree of boldness. The proclamation issued, by the Dutch government, charges the respective commanding officers of the different corps of the national troops, 'to pay no respect to any orders from persons belonging to the French civil or military departments, relative to the collecting of duties, or regulations of exportation, importations, or transit, &c. throughout the country; and to submit only to such orders, from the general in chief, as may relate to the projected expedition, or the defence against the enemy, in conformity to the nature of the general command committed to him by the directory.'

AMERICA.

Mr. Jefferson, in a message to congress, informs them, that Spain has withdrawn her pretensions to Louisiana; but that the boundaries of that territory remain still to be settled with Spain. He speaks confidently of the continuance of peace. Mr Burr, the vice president of the united states, has taken his seat as president of the senate, which has excited an equal degree of surprize and indignation. The two French frigates, which have been so long blockaded by two English frigates, at New York, have escaped, by a dangerous and difficult passage.—The English frigates went in pursuit of them, but, it was thought, too late to overtake them. Some accounts state, that Jerome Bonaparte and his lady are passengers in one of the French ships; but that is contradicted by others.

The widow and eldest son of the unfortunate Toussaint Louverture have taken up their residence for the present, in the united states.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

The Sailor's Alphabet.

A.

An *Anchor* I meant first to name,
But ' *Avast!*' cries the sailor so bold,
' Let my *Admiral's* well-gotten fame,
Before it with honour be told.'

B.

When the *Billows* tremendously roar,
The *Boatswain* the seamen alarms,
To guard 'gainst the treacherous shore,
And preserve them from peril and harms.

C.

From *Captain* to poor *Cabin-boy*,
True *Courage* instinctively runs:
Their *Country* beholds them with joy,
And Britannia is proud of her sons.

D.

When *Duncan* led on to renown,
At our foes brave *Defiance* he hurl'd;
On their *Dastardly* fleet cast a frown,
Who *Despair* when their sails are unfurl'd.

E.

For, if an *Engagement* ensues,
Th' *Enemies* will soon prove our sway:
We don't let our *Enemies* choose,
But compel them to yield in dismay.

F.

The sailor full dearly loves *Flip*,
Which he swigs on the *Forecastle's* top:
And if a *First-rate* is his ship,
'Tis not easy his *Fighting* to stop.

G.

In the *Gun-room* the officer's mess;
Generosity sailors admire;
And *Grog*, too, they love, you may guess,
When seated around the bright fire.

H.

In *Humanity* seamen take pride;
At night in a *Hammock* they sleep;
And the *Helm's-man* is always their guide,
As they rove o'er the boisterous deep.

I.

Invasion we never need fear
Whilst our fleets so triumphantly ride;
O'er the world they *Invincibly* steer,
As far as the sea rolls its tide.

K.

On the *Keel* thus the sailor is borne;
But oft he will jovially sing,—
' May success ne'er from England be torn;
May health and long life bless our *King*.

L.

To sea when a *Landsman* first goes,
'Bout *Larboard* 'tis *Logic* to speak;
Then a *Lubber* he's called, I suppose,
For his knowledge, no doubt, must be weak.

M.

The *Midshipman*, *Master*, and *Mate*,
All share in the dangers of war;
But if victory their toils should await,
Then *Mercy* they show to each tar.

N.

Neptune gives to our *Navy* support:
Fair *Nancy* the sailor oft loves:
The *Needle* points truly to port,
Where pleasure's sweet solace he proves.

But

O.

Hearts of *Oak* are our ſailors and ſhips;
  On the *Ocean* full bravely they roam;
But with joy ev'ry ſeaman ſoon ſkips,
  When their *Officer* orders them home.

P.

To the *Pilot*, when danger is near,
  The helm of the veſſel is giv'n.
Both *Pirates* and *Preſs-gangs* they fear,
  And moſt cordially with them in heav'n.

Q.

A *Quadrant* is uſeful at ſea;
  And a *Quickjana*'s a dangerous thing:
Quarantine moſt unpleaſant muſt be;
  When 'tis o'er, with much pleaſure they ſing.

R.

Reſolution our tars juſtly boaſt;
  And *Repulſe* is to them quite unknown:
Thus they guard ev'ry *River* and coaſt,
  And preſerve this fair iſland's *Renown*.

S

When *Sailors* are order'd to fight,
  Then the *Ship*, from the *Stem* to the *Stern*,
Is made inſtantly *Snug* clear and tight,
  While their breaſts for the conflict will burn.

T.

A ſailor for *True love* is known;
  And his *Trowſers* are moſtly of blue:
But, if e'er from the *Topmaſt* he's thrown,
  The ſad loſs his fair ſweetheart muſt rue.

V.

When from a long *Voyage* return'd,
  The *Veſſel* its courſe homeward bends,
Then, although his long abſence they mourn'd,
  The ſailor ſoon flies to his friends.

W.

When Phœbus has ſunk in the *Weſt*,
  And the *Work* at the *Windlaſs* is o'er,
Then the ſailor ſinks ſoftly to reſt,
  While the *Winds* round his cot rudely roar.

X.

This letter, for rhyme moſt unfit,
  Shall not my fond purpoſe oppoſe;
For from it this meaning I'll get—
  We ſhall *Croſs*-hopple all our fierce foes.

Y.

When peace ſhall have bleſt this dear iſle,
  Then the ſailor, his time to employ,
In his *Yacht* will take pleaſures awhile,
  And reflect on paſt dangers with joy.

Z.

So fam'd is a ſailor for *Zeal*,
  It wants not a comment from me,
To diſhonour he never will kneel,
  But remain the lov'd lord of the ſea.

J. M. L.

To the Young Roſcius.

WHEN firſt I heard of thine *aſſumed name*,
I doubted of the *juſtice of thy claim*;
What! ſhall a boy in Boſworth's field engage?
The youthful prince would better ſuit his age
But, having ſeen thee, all my doubts are flown,
My plaudits and my tears are all thine own.
Whence are the energies that ſwell thy ſoul,
And give thee thus our paſſions to control?
From Heaven they ſpring: child as thou art, in years,
The curtain draws—a prodigy appears.
Bid ſceptic pride thy ſcenic banquet come,
Convict envy yields aſſent, and Envy's dumb.
  Unequall'd youth! report falls ſhort of thee;
To judge thee fairly we muſt hear and ſee;
The luſtre of thine eyes can Fame expreſs,
Or ſpeak in tones that pierce the heart's receſs?
Impaſſion'd tones, that frozen thoughts would fire,
Or with deep pathos ſofter themes inſpire:
Tones, that in thund'ring accents rouſe our fears
Or ſoothe us with the muſic of the ſpheres!
The evaneſcent tints can painting trace,
That in their turn light up thy varying face?
Whilſt, towering with the genius of the ſtorm,
Riſes thy figure, and dilates thy form!
Or, action mark, ſo ſuited to each part,
Acting 'tis not, for Nature's child thou art!
Thine attitudes, ſo graceful and ſo true,
All eyes are pleas'd, all hearts are charm'd with you.
Would ſculpture form Apollo Belvidere,
She need not roam to France—the model's here.
Whether to Juliet fair thou fondly ſue,
With the enraptur'd love-ſick Montague;
Or with young Frederick wake a father's ſhame,
And vindicate an injur'd mother's fame;
Whether our hearts Achmet or Norval charm,
Thy words, thy looks, our hopes our fears alarm;
Or, with the Royal Dane, in tone ſevere,
Thou ſpeakeſt 'daggers to a mother's ear;'
Or with King Richard in Ambition's courſe,
Exclaim'ſt 'a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe!'
Equal to each, with wonder we behold
A youth ſo young, in tragic lore ſo old.
Well may the houſe with rapturous ſhouts reſound,
Ne'er at thy years was ſuch an actor found:
Nature has challeng'd Art her power to ſee,
And mocks her vain attempts to rival thee.
Nor are her choiceſt gifts beſtow'd in vain;
'Ne'er ſhall we look upon thy like again.'
Nor need we fear thy wreath too high to raiſe,
We cannot flatter worth ſurpaſſing praiſe.
  Oh! could our Garrick from the ſhades ariſe,
Roſcius! thy powers a Garrick would ſurpriſe:
Great as in years mature he trod the ſtage,
He equall'd not the promiſe of thine age:
That promiſe may thy ripening years fulfil:
And fire our ſouls, and melt our hearts at will!
Oh! may'ſt thou far tranſcend his brighteſt day,
And with increaſing ſtrength hold on thy way!
Long may'ſt thou live! to charm the public ear,
And Fame and Fortune ſhine on thy career!
  Yet, there's one part—for Nature will prevail
Wherein e'en excellence like thine may fail:—
Say, can that face, where youthful virtues beam,
Diſtorted be, to villany's extreme?
Thy friends muſt own, to thee and Nature true,
Roſcius can't be 'the Jew that Shakeſpeare drew.'

J. FISHER.

To J. Fiſher, Eſq. on his Poetical and Picturesque Deſcription of the 'Young Roſcius.'

OH thou, whoſe ardent and expanſive mind
(By claſſic taſte and critic ſkill refin'd)

Prompts

Prompts thee to mark, with philoſophic eye,
The DAWN of Genius tinge the ORIENT ſky
With purple ſtreaks—till, bright'ning into day,
O'er the wide world he flings his dazzling ray—
Give us to know by what myſterious plan
The CHILD of nature ſhoots to inſtant MAN!
Why Phœbus in his ZENITH flames ſo *ſoon*,
That, ere we thought it MORN, we find it NOON?
Thou can'ſt not; fruitleſs were th' attempt t'enquire:
We can but gaze—and ponder—and ADMIRE.
My FRIEND! (for ſuch, *unknown*, I *feel* thou art!)
Whoſe muſe now charm the ear, now melts the heart—
Well haſt thou drawn the *necromantic* BOY
In tints no *future* VANDALS can deſtroy!
Thy *picture*, like PAULINA's *ſtatue*,* proves
A *living* likeneſs; breathes—and ſpeaks—and moves!
When painter, ſculptor, portraiture, and buſt,
Sink, like OTRANTO's *palace*,† into duſt,
Ris'n from the wreck, the *poet* ſoars ſublime,
Defying, like ALPHONSO,‡ Death and Time!
When HE, who blazes with *meridian*, light,
Shall *ſlope* his ſetting beams—to ſink in night—
When thoſe *cerulean* EYES ſhall ceaſe to ſhine—
That finiſh'd FORM, that ENERGY divine,
Thoſe faſcinating TONES, that matchleſs MIEN,
And ANGEL-FACE, no more are heard and ſeen—
When ALL that's *mortal* ſhares the gen'ral doom,
His FAME ſhall flouriſh, in unfading bloom;
Sav'd from oblivion by IMMORTAL RHYMES,
To ſtrike with WONDER all ſucceeding times!

Birmingham, 1804. JOSEPH WESTON.

Addreſs ſpoken by the Young Roſcius, at the Sheffield Theatre.

ANXIOUS to pay my heart-felt homage here,
Before you *thus* I venture to appear;
No character *aſſum'd* ſhall wait me now,
Whilſt to my partial friends I grateful bow.
Say, am I wrong to aim at your applauſe?
Yet there are ſome, unheard, prejudge my cauſe;
Who in my coat theatric holes are picking;
And ſcorn the *boyiſh* hero—ſtage-ſtruck chicken;
'Shall he debaſe a Shakeſpeare's glowing ſcenes—
'A horſe! a horſe!' a rocking-horſe, he means—
His acting, trick, and ſtart—a mere machine,
Who utters words, not feeling what they mean.
Drill'd by ſome flugleman—right, left, prepare,
Heads up! attention! dreſs! now, as you were!
Am I a chicken—they ſhall find me *game*
In the bold conteſt for theatric fame.
As to my *height*, I truſt on Reaſon's plan—
The mind is held the ſtandard of the man.
And for my youth, *why*, if that be a crime,
Patience dread ſirs! I ſhall amend in *time*.

N O T E S.

* *Shakeſpeare's Winter's Tale.*
† *Walpole's Caſtle of Otranto.* ‡ Ibid.

Such critics for myſelf unmov'd I view—
Is it my acting they condemn, or you?
Could trick, or ſtart, the nobler paſſions raiſe,
Or give me, what's my proudeſt boaſt, your praiſe?
Cheer'd with protecting ſmiles, the bud may blow,
And this young ſapling to a cedar grow.
When at our Shakeſpeare's ſhrine my ſwelling heart
Burſts forth, and claims ſome kindred tear to ſtart,
Frown not, if I avow that falling tear
Inſpires my ſoul, and bids me perſevere.
Here, though you weep for ſorrows not your own,
Be life's true ſorrows to your heart unknown:
May—I want words—my feelings choak their way
Think what I *ought* to feel—that would I ſay.

Introductory Addreſs on Maſter Betty's firſt Appearance at Covent-garden Theatre. Written by Mr. Taylor, and delivered by Mr. C. Kemble.

IMPATIENT for renown, all hope and fear,
How many a candidate has ventured here;
Where dawning merit never miſs'd its aim,
But reach'd by due degrees, the heights of fame!
Yet now, unheeding Study's ſervile cares,
(So Rumour, with her hundred tongues, declares)
A youth your favour courts, whoſe early prime
Derides the tedious growth of ling'ring Time;
Mature at once, when Nature urg'd, he ſtrove,
Starting, like Pallas, from the brain of Jove.
But think not, though on Fortune's ſwelling tide,
Led by exulting Fame, in travels wide;
Think not he comes with vain triumphant ſail,
Nor dreads the dangers of an adverſe gale.
Though crowds on crowds have join'd in fond acclaim,
Through the bright track to bear aloft his name;
And, to complete at length his bold career,
Have ſent his little bark in ſafety here:
Not pride, but gratitude, has warm'd his breaſt,
And hence alarms his modeſt doubts ſuggeſt,
Leſt that applauſe has been, with gen'rous rage,
Not laviſh'd on his genius, but his age.
He knows the temper of a Britiſh mind,
For merit zealous, but to error kind;
Nor can he deem his honours juſtly due,
'Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.'

Impromptu. On ſeveral ſcurrilous Attempts to depreciate the Merits of Young Roſcius.

DETRACTION muſt bluſh, though ſhe ne'er bluſh'd before,
And *Envy* be cover'd with ſhame;
Since all their endeavours to injure the boy
Have tended to heighten his fame;
For, ſpite of the *malice* of prejudic'd elves,
The people (thank heaven) will judge for themſelves.

J. B.

The

The following Lines, just put into our Hands, were written by a Gentleman, while languishing under a Conſumption, of which he died at the Hot Wells, Briſtol, Aug. 11, 1802, *in the* 21*ſt Year of his Age.*

A Tireſome Story.

QUITE tired with ſickneſs, I ſit myſelf down,
Fatigued with the country, and tired with the town—
I'm tired of money, and think it no treaſure,
And even the ſpending affords me no pleaſure.
I'm tired with eating, I'm tired of drinking,
Of reading I'm tired, as well as of thinking:
I'm tired of riding, I'm tired of walking,
But nothing can make me more weary than talking.
I'm tired of wiſhing, I'm tired of hoping,
I never deſpair, but I'm tired of moping:
I'm tired of phyſic, its name ſets me quaking,
I'm wearied with ſleeping, and tired of waking;
I'm tired of planning, arranging, and ſcheming,
And my dreams are ſuch ſtuff, I'm tired of dreaming.
The fair laugh at me, who their hearts cannot move,
So I'm tir'd of loving ere yet I'm in love:
I'm tired of ribaldry, tired of ſmoking,
Tho' I like a good pun, yet I hate your coarſe joking,
Since the delicate mind they offend and oppreſs,
Oft conveying a meaning they dare not expreſs.
I'm tired of friendſhip, 'tis falſe and unſteady,
'Tis your purſe it's attached to, and ends with the ready:
I'm tired with life, 'tis ſo chequer'd with ill,
A ſtorm often gathering when nature's moſt ſtill;
I'm tired with foppery, weary with dreſs,
And tired of every thing elſe you can gueſs.
Laſt, I'm tir'd with myſelf, who am not worth a fig,
And the reader has long ſince been tir'd by

GEORGE GRIGG.

Epigram.

PHILOSOPHERS, I'm told, agree
That there no *vacuum* can be;—
But with a heart that's aching,
As ruefully I oft ſurvey
My empty pockets, day by day,
I fear they are miſtaken.

A. Z.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

Houſe of Lords—Tueſday, January 15.

THIS day, about three o'clock, his majeſty came down in ſtate to the houſe of peers, and opened the ſeſſion of parliament. His majeſty being arrived, and arrayed in the royal robes, the gentleman uſher of the black rod was ſent to the commons, to require the attendance of that houſe. The ſpeaker, accompanied by ſeveral members, attended at the bar of this houſe, when his majeſty delivered the following ſpeech from the throne:

'My Lords and Gentlemen,

'Since the end of the laſt ſeſſion, the preparations of the enemy, for the invaſion of this kingdom, have been continued with inceſſant activity, but no attempt has been made to carry their repeated menaces into effect.

'The ſkill and intrepidity of my navy, the reſpectable and formidable ſtate of my army and militia, the unabated zeal and improved diſcipline of a numerous volunteer force, and the general ardour manifeſted by all claſſes of my ſubjects, have indeed been ſufficient to deter them from ſo preſumptious and deſperate an enterpriſe.

'While this ſpirit continues to animate the country, and its voluntary exertions for its own defence ſubſiſt in their full vigour, we need not fear the conſequences of the moſt powerful efforts on the part of the enemy. But let us never forget that our ſecurity has riſen from the reſolution with which we have met and provided againſt the danger, and that it can be preſerved only by ſteady perſeverance and unremitting activity.

'The conduct of the court of Spain, evidently under the predominant influence and controul of France, compelled me to take prompt and deciſive meaſures to guard againſt the effects of hoſtility. I have at the ſame time endeavoured, as long as it was poſſible, to prevent the neceſſity of a rupture; but in conſequence of the refuſal of ſatisfactory explanation, my miniſter quitted Madrid, and war has ſince been declared by Spain againſt this country.

'I have directed a copy of the manifeſto which I have cauſed to be prepared on the occaſion to be laid before you, together with ſuch papers as are neceſſary to explain the diſcuſſions which have taken place between me and the court of Madrid. You will,

will, I trust be convinced by them, that my forbearance has been carried to the utmost extent which the interests of my dominions would admit; and while I lament the situation of Spain involved in hostilities, contrary to its true interests, I rely with confidence on your vigorous support in a contest which can be attributed only to the unfortunate prevalence of French counsels.

'The general conduct of the French government, on the continent of Europe has been marked by the utmost violence and outrage, and has shewn a wanton defiance of the rights of neutral territories, of the acknowledged privileges of accredited ministers, and of the established principles of the law of nations.

'Notwithstanding these transactions so repugnant to every sentiment of moderation and justice, I have recently received a communication from the French government, containing professions of a pacific disposition.

'I have in consequence expressed my earnest desire to embrace the first opportunity of restoring the blessings of peace, on such grounds as may be consistent with the permanent safety and interests of my dominions; but I am confident you will agree with me, that those objects are closely connected with the general security of Europe. I have therefore not thought it right to enter into any more particular explanation, without previous communication with those powers on the continent with whom I am engaged in confidential intercourse and connection, with a view to that important object, and especially with the emperor of Russia, who has given the strongest proofs of the wise and dignified sentiments by which he is animated, and of the warm interest which he takes in the safety and independence of Europe.

'Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

'I have directed the estimates for the public service to be laid before you; I regret the necessity of any additional burthens being imposed on my people, but I am sure you will be sensible how much their future safety and happiness depend on the vigour of our exertions, and that in the mode of raising the supplies, you will continue to shew your anxiety for the support of public credit, and for restraining as much as possible, the accumulation of the national debt.

'My Lords and Gentlemen,

'In considering the great efforts and sacrifices which the nature of the contest requires, it is a peculiar satisfaction to me to observe the many proofs of the internal wealth and prosperity of the country. It will, I am sure, be your great object to maintain and improve these advantages, and at the same time to take all such measures, as by enabling me to prosecute the war with vigour, may afford the best prospect of bringing it to a safe and honorable termination.'

When his majesty and the commons had retired, the right hon. Henry Addington, as lord Sidmouth was introduced by the lords Sidney and Wentworth, with the usual formalities, and took the customary oaths and his seat.

Shortly after four, the lord chancellor read from the woolsack, a copy of his majesty's most gracious speech to both houses. It was again read to the house by the clerk at the table; when the address to his majesty, was in the upper house moved, and seconded by lords Elliott and Gwydir.

Address of the House of Lords to his Majesty, delivered on Friday, January 18.

Die Martis, 15 *Januarii*, 1805.

Most Gracious Sovereign,

WE, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal, in parliament assembled, humbly beg leave to return your majesty our unfeigned thanks for your most gracious speech from the throne.

We beg leave to assure your majesty, that this house reflects with the greatest pride and satisfaction, that the skill and intrepidity of your majesty's navy, the respectable and formidable state of your army and militia, the unabated

zeal and improved diſcipline of a numerous volunteer force, and the general ardour manifeſted by all claſſes of your majeſty's ſubjects, have, notwithſtanding the inceſſant preparations for the invaſion of this kingdom, been ſufficient to deter the enemy from ſo preſumptuous and deſperate an enterprize. We fully concur and participate in your majeſty's ſentiments, that while this ſpirit continues to animate the country, and its voluntary exertions for its own defence ſubſiſt in their full vigour, we need not fear the conſequences of the moſt powerful efforts on the part of the enemy: And we intreat your majeſty to be aſſured that we ſhall never forget that our ſecurity has ariſen from the reſolution with which we have met and provided againſt the danger, and that it can be preſerved only by ſteady perſeverance and unremitting activity.

We requeſt your majeſty to accept our warmeſt acknowledgments for the communication your majeſty has been pleaſed to make to us, relative to the war which Spain has declared againſt this country; and we intreat your majeſty to allow us to expreſs the juſt ſenſe we entertain of your majeſty's gracious condeſcenſion in having directed a copy of the manifeſto, which your majeſty has cauſed to be prepared on this occaſion, to be laid before us together with ſuch papers as are neceſſary to explain the diſcuſſions which have taken place between your majeſty and the court of Madrid, and to aſſure your majeſty that we ſhall take them into our immediate and ſerious conſideration, with the full reſolution of adopting all ſuch meaſures as are neceſſary to maintain the honor and dignity of your majeſty's crown, and the ſecurity and intereſts of your dominions.

We entreat your majeſty to be perſuaded, that it is impoſſible for us not to obſerve in common with all Europe, that the general conduct of the French government on the continent has been marked by the utmoſt violence and outrage, and has ſhewn a wanton defiance of the rights of neutral territories, of the acknowledged privileges of accredited miniſters, and of the eſtabliſhed principles of the law of nations.

We return your majeſty our moſt grateful thanks for informing us, that notwithſtanding theſe tranſactions, ſo repugnant to every ſentiment of moderation and juſtice, your majeſty has recently received a communication from the French government, containing profeſſions of a pacific diſpoſition; and we humbly requeſt your majeſty to be aſſured, that we are thoroughly perſuaded of your majeſty's earneſt wiſh to embrace the firſt opportunity of reſtoring the bleſſings of peace on ſuch grounds as may be conſiſtent with the permanent ſafety and intereſt of your dominions: we at the ſame time on our part, beg leave to be allowed to declare our entire concurrence in opinion with your majeſty, that thoſe objects are cloſely connected with the general ſecurity of Europe,

We therefore rejoice to learn that your majeſty is engaged in confidential intercourſe and connection with foreign powers and a view to that important object, and eſpecially with the emperor of Ruſſia, who has been the ſtrongeſt proof of the wiſe and dignified ſentiments by which he is animated, and of the warm intereſt which he takes in the ſafety and independence of Europe; and we are fully ſatisfied of the propriety and wiſdom of your majeſty's determination in declining to enter into any more particular explanations without a previous communication with thoſe powers.

We beg leave, with every ſentiment of reſpect and dutiful attachment to your majeſty, to teſtify our moſt grateful ſenſe of your majeſty's uniform regard for the welfare of your people, and to aſſure your majeſty, that, in conſidering the great efforts and ſacrifices which the nature of the conteſt requires, we moſt cordially participate with your majeſty in the ſatisfaction which your majeſty derives from the many proofs of the internal wealth and proſperity of the country: and your majeſty may depend upon our conſtant and animated endeavours to maintain

and improve these advantages, and at the same time to take all such measures, as, by enabling your majesty to prosecute the war with vigour, may afford the first prospect of bringing it to a safe and honourable termination.

His Majesty's most Gracious Answer.

'My Lords,

'I thank you for this dutiful and loyal address: and I receive with the greatest satisfaction the assurances of your cordial support, and of your resolution to adopt such measures as may be necessary to maintain the honour and dignity of my crown, and the security and interest of my dominions.

'You may depend upon my best endeavours, and my most hearty concurrence, in promoting those objects which the security and welfare of my people may demand at this important conjuncture.'

DOMESTIC.

DUBLIN, Dec. 24, 1804.

THIS day the new common council will be sworn before the right hon. the lord mayor.

A person at Bourdeaux was found nearly burned to ashes, in his garden, on the 7th of November. According to the inquest taken by the justice of peace, the deceased had himself constructed his funeral pile of dried wood, upon which he placed himself, and, after setting fire to the wood, shot himself through the head with a pistol.—He left property to the amount of 100,000 livres (4000l.) In a paper addressed to a friend, he says, his only reason for committing this rash act was to die in his own way, and to avoid being buried.

29.] We find by the last accounts from the West Indies, that the right hon. William Allen, lord Proby, eldest son of the earl of Carysfort, and nephew to judge Osborne, died of the yellow fever on board the Amelia frigate, of which he was captain. He was only in the 24th year of his age, of most amiable manners, very great courage and experience in his profession.

The Spanish ship captured by the Annesley cutter, captain Smith, arrived last week at Ramullan. She was bound for Malaga from the river de Plata, laden with dried and tanned hides, tallow, candles, and 150,000 dollars.—*Londonderry Journal.*

The celebrated Hayden is dead.—He departed this life at Vienna, at the age of 79.

A noble instance of human fortitude was given a few days ago on the quays, by a lad of the name of Blake.—He happened to be present when a poor woman who was crossing a plank to go on board one of the potatoe boats, fell into the river, and immediately plunged into her relief; his efforts were successful, and the poor creature was brought to shore, amidst the acclamations of the surrounding spectators, who were astonished at the extraordinary efforts of a youth scarcely 14 years of age.—This is the second life Blake has saved within this short time.

Mr. Logan, the chief peace-officer, returned to town on Thursday last from Donegal, without being able to apprehend the poisoners of the poor blind men of Simpson's hospital, though he made a most indefatigable search.

On Sunday morning, a fine boy, son of mr. Lee, of the theatre-royal, between five and six years of age, was left playing in the drawing-room of his lodgings in South Anne-street; unfortunately he approached too near the fire, when the flames caught his cheque bib, which he endeavoured to extinguish by putting it between his legs, which caused his pantaloons to take fire, and they being lined with calico, made no blaze, but continued to burn; as the child did not see any blaze, he thought it was out, till the heat forced him to scream: his father who was in bed in an adjoining room, heard him, and ran to his assistance, when he found him in the midst of flames, the fire having caught the tuckers of his shirt; his father immediately extinguished the flames by covering him with the car-

pet, and then ſtripped him: but he was much burned at the bottom of his belly and back. Medical aid was inſtantly obtained, but the fright was ſo great, that about five o'clock on Monday morning he was ſeized with a convulſive fit, another at ten, and a third at two, which terminated his exiſtence. What adds to mr. Lee's affliction is, that he was his only child, his daughter, 11 years of age, having died two months ſince.—Mrs. Lee is only ten months dead.

Jan. 1, 1805.] The petition of the roman catholics of Ireland, on the queſtion of emancipation, is not to be preſented to parliament in the enſuing ſeſſion. On Saturday ſe'nnight, the report of the committee of twenty-five was received at a general meeting of the principal roman catholics in this city, although it had been violently oppoſed in three preceding committee meetings.—Government is highly gratified by this deciſion of the general aſſembly, which has, it is ſaid, been carried by the influence of the earl of Fingal and his friends. The party which wiſhed for an immediate application to parliament, have withdrawn themſelves for the preſent, but threaten to bring forward the queſtion at another general meeting.

7.] The approaching ſeaſon of parliament will be a very buſy one.—The ſmall phalanx of the oppoſition is to be divided into three *bureaux*, for framing and arranging the plans of attack for the campaign——the military, the naval and the catholic.—Mr. Pitt in the houſe of commons, is to be attacked upon the army of defence bill—and lord Melville upon the naval affairs in the houſe of lords.—The catholic queſtion is to brought into both houſes. The oppoſition have already announced that very early in the ſeſſion lord Grenville will ſubmit to the houſe of lords a motion reſpecting the queſtion of catholic emancipation.

Saturday morning, the remains of Lundy Foot, eſq. one of the aldermen of the city of Dublin, were depoſited in Iriſhtown church-yard.—The funeral was attended by ſeveral of the friends of that very opulent citizen.

Saturday ſe'nnight the right hon. counteſs of Clare, and ſuite, arrived at Mount Shannon, from Dublin.

The canvas for the vacant purple gown at the aldermanic board is carried on with briſk and buſy preparation.

LORD CARBERRY.—At nine o'clock on Monday evening, 30th Dec. at Reddiſh's hotel, died George Evans, baron Carberry, of the kingdom of Ireland. His lordſhip was in his 39th year, and in the year 1792, married miſs Watſon, daughter of colonel Watſon, who amaſſed a conſiderable fortune in India. The firſt baron was created by George the firſt, in the year 1715.—His majeſty beſtowed the honour on him, on account of his extreme beauty and manlineſs. His lordſhip was conſidered the fineſt man of his day. The late lord was truly an able, and a man of the mildeſt and moſt gentlemanly manners. About two years ſince, his lordſhip was hunting on his eſtate near Northampton, and had the misfortune to burſt a blood veſſel, and was conſidered at the time in extreme danger; about 15 months ſince he broke his arm, which brought on a lingering complaint, conſidered by the faculty as a decay of ſome internal part. A few weeks ſince his lordſhip came to town, and has been under the care of dr. Bailie, and other eminent phyſicians, who conſidered his lordſhip ſo far recovered as to ſanction his return to the country; laſt Friday was the day fixed for his departure with lady Carberry, for his ſeat in Northamptonſhire; preparatory to the journey he rode in Hyde park on Wedneſday and Thurſday laſt was in good ſpirits, and ſaw company each afternoon; but on Friday morning he propoſed to lady Carberry to poſtpone their departure until Monday, which her ladyſhip acquieſced in. On Saturday morning, about one o'clock, his lordſhip was ſeized with a violent ſickneſs in his ſtomach, and rang the bell for his ſervant, who immediately attended, and, on finding his lordſhip had again burſt a blood veſſel, ſent for dr. Bailie, who adminiſtered ſome medicine that relieved his patient ſo much

that he ſat up, dined, converſed, and was in tolerable ſpirits; but on Sunday evening a relapſe took place, which terminated fatally. His lordſhip dying without iſſue, the title and eſtates, which are very conſiderable, devolve to his uncle, the hon. John Evans, of Dublin.

It is a fact no leſs extraordinary than true, that in the year 1777, the reſpectable houſe of Lane, Beaſon and Vaughan, then of Cork, ſalted, in one day, the ſurpriſing number of ſeven hundred oxen, and one thouſand four hundred and thirty-eight pigs, which gave employment to eight hundred and thirty-two men, coopers, ſalters, labourers, &c. In the ſame year the above houſe made up upwards of three hundred thouſand caſks of proviſions of different deſcriptions.

By a clauſe in the act of parliament lately enacted for the defence of the empire, it has been diſcovered that in the event of taking the field, the colonels not only of the militia, but of volunteer corps, would command all lieutenant-colonels of the line, having the rank of colonel in the army. To obviate which, almoſt every lieutenant-colonel in the army having the rank of colonel, has been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, which produces to each a comfortable augmentation of emolument—Thus it is 'an ill wind that blows nobody good.'

On Saturday laſt the lord mayor and a deputation from the corporation of the city of Dublin waited upon mr. Giffard, at his houſe in Ely-place, with an addreſs expreſſive of their thanks and approbation of that gentleman's exertions and conduct, towards the pipe water department of this city, during and ſince the late ſcarcity of that neceſſary article of life.

When the celebrated father O'Leary died, a handſome monument was placed over his remains, in St. Pancras, at the expence of the earl of Moira. This truly reſpectable and venerable divine having been the founder of St. Patrick's chapel, in Suttor-ſtreet, Soho, a ſubſcription has been entered into for the erection of a very neat monument to his memory, in that chapel. The deſign is the buſt of the rev. mr. O'Leary on the ſide of a tomb-ſtone, under which his remains are ſuppoſed to be depoſited, and Faith, with the croſs in one hand, the other leaning on a bible, and a bunch of ſhamrock on her head, as it was the emblem by which the Iriſh are ſaid to have been led to a belief in the Trinity.

On the 24th of laſt month the marchioneſs of Downſhire's annual diſtribution of beef and bread took place at Hillſborough, and relieved upwards of two hundred poor families. The bounty of this amiable and highly reſpected character to her old ſervants and poor tenants, cannot be ſufficiently admired, and is really an example worthy to be held up for the imitation of the affluent, at this inclement ſeaſon. Forty aged perſons of both ſexes, who had not received the benefit of warm clothing laſt year, were deſired to attend on Tueſday laſt, when each perſon received the cuſtomary new-year's gift—the men great coats, and the women cloaks and petticoats. Her ladyſhip's charity ſchools and weekly penſioners, together with her liberal encouragement of every branch of the linen manufacturers, gives Hillſborough an advantage that few towns of its ſize, in this part of the united kingdom, are poſſeſſed of.

The London Gazette of Saturday contains a proclamation for a general faſt in Great Britain and Ireland, on Wedneſday the 20th of February, for the ſucceſs of his majeſty's arms by ſea and land; a ſimilar proclamation orders it to be obſerved in Scotland on the 21ſt February.

A great part of the property taken from the houſe of mr. Venables, has been recovered.

By a late regulation, it is intended that all the regiments of dragoons of the empire, ſhall conſiſt of ten troops of eighty effective men each troop, excluſive of trumpeters, &c. that each regiment ſhall have four field officers, viz. two lieutenant-colonels, and two majors, ten captains, ten lieutenants, and ten cornets—a certain number of which is to be placed upon the ſtaff.

In

In an open garden at Renfrew, there is at preſent a roſe fully blown. On the ſame buſh, a roſe alſo budded in the month of October, and another in the month of November.

The addreſs from the corporation of ſtationers to mr. Foſter, which is a moſt elegant production, was preſented on Monday to that right hon. gentleman, together with the freedom of the corporation, in a ſilver box.

10.] The laſt will and teſtament of the late Edward Byrne, eſq. of this city, an inſtrument intended to diſpoſe of an acquired property, little ſhort of half a million ſterling, is, we hear, likely to be conteſted by ſome of that gentleman's family—in which caſe, no inconſiderable ſhare of that vaſt property will fall into the hands of a claſs of the community which the teſtator never meant to be of his legatees, namely, the gentlemen of the long robe—thus, 'man keepeth up riches, but cannot tell who ſhall gather them.'

Laſt night the firſt of the eight concerts was performed at the rotunda, conducted by ſir J. Stephenſon, under the patronage of their excellencies the lord lieutenant and counteſs of Hardwicke, who with their family and ſuite, and the moſt brilliant aſſemblage of faſhionables, ever perhaps ſeen in this metropolis, were preſent.—The ſelection of the concert and execution of the different performers was uncommonly fine.

The following method has in two inſtances been ſucceſsful in extracting a pin from the throat when it had been accidentally ſwallowed. The laſt caſe is very recent:—A young woman of the name of Bryant, a mantua-maker of Chippenham (from the improper cuſtom of putting pins into her mouth) laſt week ſwallowed one, which ſtuck in the lower part of her throat. A profeſſional gentleman being called in, he placed the patient with her head bent back over the back of a chair, an egg was then broken, and the contents poured down her throat; previous to this proceſs, an inſtrument was prepared, which is called profeſſionally a probang, but which is nothing more than a piece of ſponge, faſtened on the end of a ſmooth and ſlender piece of whalebone, about half a yard long; this inſtrument, in the moment that the patient endeavoured to ſwallow the contents of the aforementioned egg, was forced with a quick ſteady hand down the throat into the ſtomach, and brought up the pin ſticking in the ſponge.

11.] Almoſt the whole of the plate and watches of which mr. Venables had been robbed, was recovered on Tueſday, in two houſes—one ſituated in Greek-ſtreet, the other in Townſend-ſtreet. All the plate, with the exception of two cups and a tea-pot, was either melted down or cut into ſmall pieces.—Seven perſons concerned in the robbery were apprehended in the courſe of the day, and committed to the new priſon.

American papers received lately ſtate, that on the 23d of November, the vice-preſident, mr. Burr, who is preſident of the ſenate, took his ſeat. This naturally, in the recent recollection of the circumſtances attending the duel in which general Hamiſton fell, created a conſiderable ſenſation. He had hardly gone through the official terms of opening the meeting, when an adjournment for three days was moved and carried. It is remarked that mr. Burr had not the leaſt intercourſe with any of the members. He entered and retired as if he had been an abſolute ſtranger. He had, however, it is added, previouſly been ſeveral times with the preſident, and made one of the convivial parties, in which ſeveral leading members of the congreſs were preſent.

Meſſenger from Bonaparte.

THE diſpatches brought by the French officer, we underſtand, in a letter from M. Talleyrand to the miniſter for foreign affairs, a letter from Bonaparte to his majeſty. This letter is reported to contain *general expreſſions of a wiſh to put an end to the calamities of war*, and is dated the firſt of January.—*Courier.*

16.] A

16.] At the quarter ſeſſions opened yeſterday by the recorder, &c. the following gentlemen were ſworn upon the city grand jury: M. J. Hay, eſq. foreman. George Overend; Thomas Thorpe; Arthur Mitchell; James Forbes; William Brown; William M'Auley; Samuel Roſborough; Francis Hamilton; David Hay; John Pittar; William Moore; William Halliday; John Tudor; Thomas Dawſon; Ben. Clarke, jun.; Edward Stanley; James Vance, jun; Charles Lilly; James King; William Davis; Luke Connor, eſqrs; and the following gentlemen were ſworn the market jury: Nathaniel Craven; James Bruſh; Thomas Fowler; Jonas Paiſley, jun.; Richard Daviſon; John Evatt; Chriſtopher Antiſel; Mathew Butler; St. George Campbell; Charles Bingham; John Connell; Edward H. Percy; Robert Newell; James Wyan; Robert Cantrell; Chriſtopher Humphreys; James M'Creery; Joſ. Harricks; James Elliott; Michael Emerſon; George Fivey; George Robinſon; Godfrey Byrne; Henry Hatchell, eſqrs.

The king has been pleaſed to grant the dignity of a viſcount of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland unto the right hon. Henry Addington, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, ſtyle, and title of viſcount Sidmouth, of Sidmouth, in the county of Devon.

The London Gazette contains a proclamation, ordering the capture of all Spaniſh veſſels.

The father of the Young Roſcius has aſſigned over in truſt, to meſſrs. Parker and Free, the ſum of 2981l. 17s. 6d. in behalf of his ſon.

The marquis Cornwallis is preparing for his departure to India.

Mr. Bragge Bathurſt has accepted the office of chief ſtate ſecretary in Ireland, vice Sir Evan Nepean, promoted to a ſeat at the board of admiralty. *Star.*

23.] Yeſterday a poſt aſſembly of the corporation of the city of Dublin was held at the exhibition-houſe, William-ſtreet, for the purpoſe of electing an alderman in the room of the late Lundy Foote, eſq. deceaſed. The names of the following four gentlemen were ſent down by the board of aldermen to the commons, viz. John Caſh, Abraham Bradley King, Drury Jones, and Jeffery Foote, eſqrs. for the purpoſe of their making a choice.—Previous to the ballot, mr. Jones reſigned his pretenſions for the preſent; and mr. Foote not appearing in the hall, the conteſt lay between meſſrs. King and Caſh. On caſting up the ballots there appeared

For A. B. King, eſq.	68
John Caſh, eſq.	51
Majority for mr. King	17

Who was thereupon declared duly elected, and took his ſeat at the board accordingly.

In the evening the ſucceſsful candidate entertained the corporation at a ſumptuous entertainment at Harrington's, Grafton-ſtreet.

BIRTHS.

IN Moleſworth-ſtreet, the lady of L. Wilmſder H. Richards, of Rathaſpick, county Wexford, eſq. of a daughter.—At Limerick, the lady of Rich. Phillips, Mount Rivers, co. Tipperary, eſq. of a ſon and heir.—At Newt.-Pery, the lady of the rev. archdeacon Hill, of a daughter.—In Glouceſter-ſt. mrs. Charles Beresford, of a daughter.—Near Cavan, mrs. Young, wife of John Young, eſq. ſub-ſheriff of the county Cavan, of a ſon and heir.—At Mountjoy-place, the lady of Mathew O'Connor, of Ballinagar, county Roſcommon, eſq. of a ſon and heir.—The lady of Wm. Skerrett, eſq. of Finavera, co. Clare, of a ſon and heir.—In Stephen-ſtreet, the wife of mr. John M'Crea, of a ſon.—At Redland, near Briſtol, the lady of Maurice Biſhop Anneſley, eſq. of Scariff, co. Clare, lately deceaſed, of a ſon.—At Moneyquil, co. Tipperary, the lady of ſir Amyrald Dancer, bart. of a daughter.—Near Richmond, England, lady Stopford, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

DAN. SIMMONDS, eſq. to miſs Cooper, of Parke-ſtreet, Merrion-ſquare.—At Limerick, mr. C. James, cabinet-

cabinet-maker, to miſs Williams, daughter of mr. James Williams, of Cornwallis-ſtreet.—Charles S. Oliver, eſq. knight of the ſhire for the co. Limerick, to miſs Morris, ſecond daughter of Abraham Morris, eſq. of Dunkettle.—At Loughgall, Robert Harden, of Harry-brook, eſq. to miſs Hardy, daughter of William Hardy, of Loughgall, eſq.—On the Inns-quay, William Mangan, eſq. aged 85 years, to miſs Margaret Brady, of ſame place, aged 15, with a large fortune.—At Aſhfield, county Galway, the ſeat of mrs. Blake Foſter, Chriſt. Lopeell, of Derryowen, county Clare, eſq. to miſs Browne, daughter to the late James Browne, of Browne-hall, co. Mayo, eſq.—At Claſhganny, mr. J. Wright, gaoler, of Waterford, to miſs Jane Lucas, county Carlow.—Bryan Kine, junior, eſq. of Creggs, county Galway, to miſs M'Donagh, of Liſnageera, of ſaid county.—Mr. William M'Main, woollen-draper, to miſs Beatty, both of Belfaſt.—Mr. Adam Orr, of Pill-lane, to miſs Mary M. Ogle, Lurgan. At Limerick, Miles Jackſon, of Caſtle-Jackſon, in the county of Limerick, eſq. to miſs Waller, daughter of the late Edward Waller, eſq. of that city. At Powderham church, Devon, capt. Foy, of the royal artillery, to the hon. miſs Sophia Courtenay, ſiſter to the right hon. lord viſc. Courtenay, of Powderham-caſtle.—At Cork, mr. Wm. Clarke, of Bantry, to miſs Walſh, of Bandon.—At Edinburgh, captain Innis, Scotch brigade, to miſs Margaret Liddell, eldeſt daughter of Andrew Liddell, eſq.—At Limerick, mr. Terence O'Brien, to mrs. Lloyd, widow of the late mr. Robert Lloyd, of Creagh-lane.—In Athlone, lieutenant Stanton, of his majeſty's 72d. regiment, to miſs Maria Mills, ſixth daughter of the late Edward Mills, of Mount-Proſpect, county Roſcommon, eſq. In Hackney church, near London, John Saneton, eſq. to miſs Hannah Wood, late of Suffolk-ſtreet, Dublin. Mr. James Fitzpatrick, of Abbey-ſtreet, to miſs Charlotte Goulding, of Hawkins's-ſtreet.—Mr. James Chriſtie, to miſs Suſannah Haſler, both of Dalkey.—At the houſe of George Raymond, eſq. lower Glouceſter-ſtreet, Robt. Wm Netterville, of Cruiceraith, county of Meath, eſq. to miſs Maria Bernard, eldeſt daughter of the late John Bernard, eſq. of Ballynegar, county of Kerry.—Richard Kavanagh, eſq. of Mountjoy-ſquare, to miſs Archbold, of Uſher's-quay.—In Henry-ſtreet, the rev. George Brabazon, of Navan, to miſs Leonora Jane Heyland, daughter of the rev. Robert Heyland, late rector of Coleraine.—At Limerick, mr. Myles, clothier, to miſs Peacocke; alſo mr. Edward Harriſon, to miſs Peake.—Mr. John Leonard, to miſs Toole, both of Biſhop-ſtreet.—Mr. Thomas Brett, of this city, brewer, to miſs Catherine Duan, third daughter of William Duan, eſq. of Abbeyleix, Queen's-county.—Mr. W. Dillon, of Clonmel, to miſs Ellen Fanning, daughter of mr. John Fanning.—Mr. Thomas Dawſon, of North-allerton, aged 90, to miſs Golightly, a bouncing damſel of 64; the anxious bridegroom had been a widower almoſt ſix weeks.—At Tynemouth church, a young man, about 23, to a woman aged 86, and who had been the mother of 17 children! Notwithſtanding the banns had been but twice publiſhed, the experienced damſel repaired to the church (where ſhe was ſoon joined by her lover) and declared ſhe would not leave it without her errand. She waited till the forenoon ſervice was over, during which time ſhe was frequently requeſted to leave the veſtry, but all to no effect; and complained bitterly at her negligence in having forgot her pocket bottle and tobacco pipe. The bridegroom apologiſed for his not being acquainted with the forms of the church, as he had never been in one ſince he was chriſtened; and if appearances might be credited, water did not ſeem to have been upon his face ſince that period.—At Limerick, mr. Joſeph Parker, to miſs Mary Morris, of Palace Kenry.—Mr. Richard Sinnett, of Henry-ſtreet, to miſs Dillon, of Caſtle-market.—B. Bernard, eſq. of Ferbane, King's county, to miſs Horan, daughter of Anthony Horan,

Horan, esq. of said town.—Mr. Alexander M'Combe, of Mount-Brown, to the widow Dunbar, of James's-street.—At Old Aberdeen, on the 7th inst. lieut. colonel Arthur Forbes, late of his majesty's 32d regiment of foot, to miss Isabella M'Leod, second daughter of dr. Roderick M'Leod, principal of King's college, Aberdeen.—At Waterford, mr. John Dwyer, to miss Flanagan, daughter to mr. Richard Flanagan, farmer.—Wm. Ledger Biggs, of Castle Biggs, co. Tipperary, esq. to miss Fedelia Matilda Meagher, daughter of William Meagher, of Bleakfield, Queen's county, esq.—At mrs. Ford's, Merrion-square, by the hon. and right rev. the lord bishop of Derry, the hon. George Knox, son of viscount Northland, and M. P. for the university of Dublin, to miss Anne Staples, daughter of sir Robert Staples, bart. of Donmore, Queen's co.—At Garbally, Daniel Toler Osborne, esq. of Beechwood, county Tipperary, esq. to the right hon. lady Harriet French, daughter to the earl of Clancarty.

DEATHS.

AT Waterford, in her 19th year, miss Ardagh, daughter to mr. William Ardagh, brewer.—In Tipperary, John Power, colonel of the Tipperary militia, son to John Power, esq. of that town.—At Dundrum, mr. John Kinder, of Dame-street.—At Hollybrook, near Randalstown, Hugh Montgomery, of Tullycarnet, co. Down, esq.—At Plassy, county Limerick, the rev. Wm. Maunsell, D. D.—At Enfield, co. Roscommon, Charles Birch, esq.—In Clonmel, John Taylor, esq.—At his seat at Ballyvorgil, co. Clare, in the 90th year of his age, John Ivers Wilson, esq.—At Newtown-Stewart, mr. Andrew M'Causland.—In north Cumberland-street, mrs. Dogherty, relict of the late rev. Bernard Dogherty, rector of Slane and Kentstown, co. Meath.—Suddenly, mr. Norris Courtenay, of Newry, merchant, aged 80. At Seaview, county of Galway, mrs. Bodkin, wife of Dominick Bodkin, esq.—Near Clonard, at an advanced age, mrs. Aylmer, relict of the late Charles Aylmer, of Ballycannon, co. Kildare, esq.—At Chesterfield, in Derbyshire, on the 5th instant, aged 73, mr. Wm. Maisley, formerly an attorney of great practice in that place; the mutability of human affairs was strongly exemplified in the fate of the deceased; his practice for several years as a solicitor was extensive, lucrative and honourable; esteemed, visited and employed by many of the first families in the neighbouroood—but he departed this life in a workhouse!—He was very handsomely interred by the subscription of some gentlemen, who had formerly known him in the days of his prosperity.—At Cullinagh house, Queen's co. Samuel Jones Bernard Anderson, esq. a man universally esteemed: also, at same place, James Dowling Anderson, his nephew, much lamented by all who knew him.—Mr. Pat. M'Mahon, of Ballynush, co. Limerick.—At Ennis, mr. Charles Floyd, son of mr. Hugh Floyd, of said town.—At Tralee, Falkiner Chute, esq. formerly a captain in the 22d light dragoons.—At his house in north great George's-street, Edward Byrne, esq. an opulent and extensive merchant, formerly of Mullinahack.—In upper Gardiner-street, Thursday, the 13th of Dec. mrs. Cradock, relict of the late dean of St. Patrick's.—At Flowerhill, Navan, John Fay, esq.—At Tannybrack, near Ballymena, on the 10th inst. Mathew Maxwell, esq.—At Lurgan in the co. of Armagh, in the 46th year of his age, mr. James M'Gowran, jun. of that place, linendraper.——Capt. Thomas Dunn, of Townsend-street.—At Cove, mr. H. Hannan.—After a short illness, mr. Peters, of the theatre-royal.—In the isle of Man, Frederick Hamilton, esq. formerly of Richmond, Ballyboughbridge.—At Richmond, George Naugle, esq.—At Merrion castle, Hugh Minchin, esq. of Erina, co. Clare.—At Leinster-house, master Rawdon Henry, youngest son of John Joseph Henry, of Straffon, co. Kildare, esq.—At the age of 52, mrs. Ann Simpson, wife of an inn-keeper in England: She was so corpulent as to require a coffin three feet over the shoulders, and it

was

was neceſſary to diſplace a window to get it out of the houſe.—Mr. Wm. Peat, and the following day his wife; they were both interred in one grave. —In Jamaica, mr. Anthony Maddock, formerly maſter of the ſhip Devenish, of Dublin.—At Bellgeeth, co, Meath, mrs. Bridget Fay, aged 105.—At Clonmel, mrs Dunn, wife of mr. Thomas Dunn.—Suddenly, at Drogheda, the rev. Charles Sheels.—Mrs. Barry, of Mount Barry.—At Lower Dunbar, near Enniſkillen, mrs. Ann Crozier, relict of Francis Crozier, eſq. late phyſician general of Bombay.—In Earl-ſtreet, Hampden Nicholſon, of Drogheda eſq. aged 70.—In Stephen-ſtreet, mrs. Maxwell, late of Maynooth.—At his ſeat in Suſſex, the right hon. Thomas Pelham, earl of Caicheſter, and baron Pelham, of Stanmer, in ſaid county.—On lower Ormond-quay, after ſuſtaining with becoming fortitude, a moſt dreadful aſthma for a number of years, mr. Thos. Kenny, merchant;—At Holyrood-houſe, the hon. lady Murray.—In Portman-ſquare, aged 83, J. Ironmonger eſq. worth 150,000l.—At Belleke caſtle, Ballina, county Mayo, after a few hours illneſs, mrs. Cutting, aged 38, wife of Leonard Cutting, eſq. brigade major for that county.—In London, aged 80, general Tonyn, colonel of 48th foot.—In Kilmainham-wood, in the county of Meath, Wm. Smith, eſq.—At Fethard, mrs. Allen, wife of the rev. James Allen, and daughter of the late dr. Vance, of this city.—In Roſcrea, mr. Luke O'Brien.—At Brooklodge, C. French, eſq.—At Galway, mr. Simon Munroe, millwright.—In London, the archbiſhop of Canterbury.—At Summer Caſtle, Lincolnſhire, Sir Cecil Wray, bart.—At Ballinrobe, Mr. G.F. Claſſon, aged 21 years.—At his father's houſe, Malborough-ſtreet, after a tedious illneſs, mr Richard Walmſley Cuthbert, aged 16; an unremitting attention to his ſtudies in the fine arts, laid the foundation of the decline to which he fell a ſacrifice.—In Upper Temple-ſtreet, aged 17, miſs Anne Jane Kernan, eldeſt daughter of James Kernan, late of Enniſkillen, eſq.—In Waterford, mrs. Fleury.—In Parſonſtown, mr. Joſeph Robinſon, one of the ſociety of friends.—In Leinſter-ſtreet, mr. Thomas Dunn.—In the 19th year of her age, the amiable mrs. Boyle, of Abbey-ſtreet, deeply regretted by all her acquaintance.—At Waterford, mr. James Wright, gaoler.—At Port Royal, Jamaica, of the yellow fever, mr. Oliver John Walſh, of Waterford, acting lieutenant of his majeſty's ſhip Camel. —At Philipſtown, county Kilkenny, the rev. John Higginbottom, curate of Whitechurch.—At Bennet's bridge, county of Kilkenny, mr. John Harris, formerly of the city of Waterford. —In Biſhop-ſtreet aged 83, mrs. Boland, ſincerely regretted.—At Ranelagh, the lady of Arthur Thomas, of French-ſtreet, eſq.—in Great Britain-ſtreet, Conſtantine Duff, eſq. aged 83 years.—In London, the right hon. earl of Roſlyn, late lord high chancellor of England; his lordſhip was ſeized with a fit of the gout in his ſtomach, whilſt ſitting down to breakfaſt, which terminated fatally in a few moments. —At Derinboy, king's co. Robert Devereux, eſq. barriſter at law.—At Limerick, aged 12, miſs Maunſell, eldeſt daughter of George Maunſell, eſq. collector of Limerick; at ſame place mr. Dennis Hebir, victualler; mr. Cornelius Wallace, linen-draper; miſs Campbell, daughter to the late captain Colin Campbell, of the 42d regt.; mr. William End.—At Cork, mrs. Spearing.—Mrs. Jane Kavanagh, of Pitt-ſtreet, aged 36 years.—At mrs. Moore's, Mt. Merrion, mr. George Battier, late of his majeſty's ſhip Reſolution, which with the Diſcovery, circumnavigated the globe with captain Cook.—At New York, America, on the 18th laſt November, ſincerely and deſervedly regretted, mr. P. Wogan, jun. only ſon of mr. Pat. Wogan, of this city, bookſeller; he went there on buſineſs of his father's, but from the weakneſs of his conſtitution, he fell a victim to the ravages of the climate, in the 28th year of his age, after a tedious illneſs. which he bore with chriſtian fortitude.

Lieut Colonel

R.T. WILSON K.M.T.